

PHOTO PRIZE WINNERS ANNOUNCED IN A FEW DAYS.

1½d.

Daily Mirror

You Cannot
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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

CHAMPION ENGLISH BULLDOG BOUGHT BY AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE FOR £1,000.



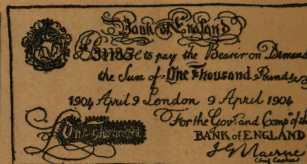
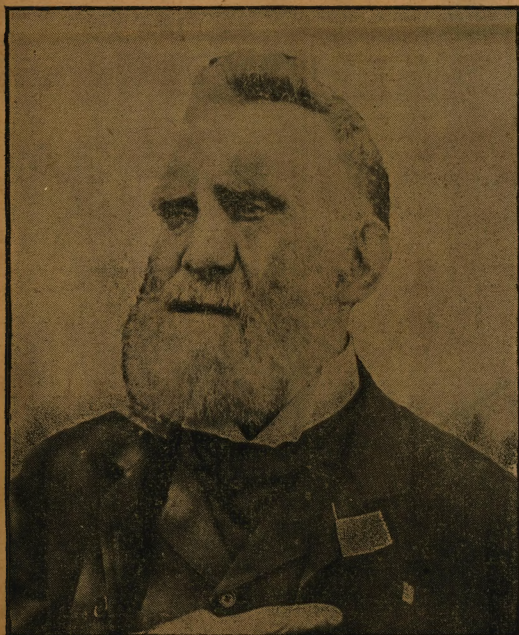
Mrs. George J. Gould, Champion Heath
Baronet's new mistress.



Georgian Court, Lakewood, the residence of
Mr. Gould. This will be Champion Heath
Baronet's new home in America.



Champion Heath Baronet, Mr. E. A. Milla's celebrated bulldog, which has just been purchased by Mr. Gould, the American railway millionaire, for £1,000. Champion Heath Baronet is one of the most famous bulldogs of the times, and has won over 150 prizes within the past year.—(By permission of the "Illustrated Kennel Club.")

**"SPRING" ONIONS'S WELCOME.**

Among the many people who welcomed the return of Mr. Mead to the Thames Police Court, after his six months' illness, was Mr. "Spring" Onions, the renowned East End poet, who turned up with a poem specially written for the occasion.

DEATH OF VENUS.

Venus, the gorilla, has had a short, but glorious, career at the Zoo, where she arrived, with her companion Chloe, only a week ago last Saturday. She had been ill during the last few days, and passed away during the early hours of yesterday morning, holding her keeper's hand in hers. In this picture Venus is seen on the right; Chloe is sitting on the left.—(London Electrottype Agency.)

TO DECIDE THE CAMPAIGN?

Great Manchurian Battle
At Last Begun.

VAST ARMIES OPPOSED.

Russians Making Desperate
Resistance.

500,000 ENGAGED.

A great battle, which may be the Waterloo of the campaign, is reported to have begun near Liao-yang.

The only question is whether the Russians will be forced to give fight all along the line, or whether the mass of their forces will still be able to retreat.

VOLCANOES OF FIRE.

Russians Making a Desperate Stand
on the Heights.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
BERLIN, Tuesday.

The Liao-yang correspondent of the "Lokal-anzeiger" telegraphs to-day:—

The decisive battle commenced at four o'clock this morning. Owing to the heavy artillery fire the surrounding heights resemble volcanoes.

The Japanese were at first repulsed in their attempt to cross the Taitse river, but were subsequently successful.

There was firing to the south and south-west, which became terribly severe, until single shots were no longer distinguishable.

The men engaged on both sides number 500,000. The battle must surely last for several days.

Colonel Gaeckle, special correspondent of the "Tageblatt," telegraphs that the Russians are making a desperate stand on the southern heights.

ROUMOURED REPULSE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.

A dispatch of to-day's date received here from Mukden says:—

According to rumours current here a stubbornly-fought battle has been in progress near Liao-yang since this morning.

All the Japanese attempts to turn our flanks have been repulsed.

It is said that the enemy have lost more than ten guns. No details have been received.—Reuter.

THREE DAYS' FIGHTING.

Japanese Lose 2,000 Men and Capture
16 Guns.

Details of the three days' fighting which preceded the great battle have now reached the Japanese Legation in London.

On the night of August 25 the central column of the first Japanese army carried by bayonet charge the heights twenty-three miles south-east of Liao-yang.

On the 26th the right column captured eight guns. On the 27th the whole of the position was carried. The enemy, flying in utter confusion towards Liao-yang, abandoned eight more guns.

The Japanese casualties were 2,000 during the three days' fighting.

The chief point that strikes one in considering the present position in the war is the vastness of the movements—a vastness unexampled in modern warfare.

There are:—

100,000 Japanese besieging Port Arthur.

200,000 Japanese threatening the Russian armies round Liao-yang.

250,000 Russians either opposing them or retreating towards Mukden.

The numbers engaged in actual operations are thus considerably larger than the ordinary peace army of most European Powers.

KING PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

King Edward, accompanied by Captain Ponsonby and the British chaplain, left Marienbad by motor-car at ten yesterday morning for a day's partridge shooting over Prince Trautmannsdorff's extensive preserves at Bischoff-Steinitz, forty-two miles' distant.

END VERY NEAR.

Fall of Port Arthur Confidently
Expected.

In an interview yesterday afternoon with one of the secretaries at the Japanese Legation, a Press representative was informed that the fall of Port Arthur would not be officially announced until the town and forts were absolutely and entirely in the hands of the Japanese forces and fighting was at an end.

Pending the accomplishment of this the utmost secrecy would be observed as to passing events. Russian assertions notwithstanding, the end was very near, merely a matter of days.

HEROIC RUSSIAN OFFICER

Kills Twenty Japanese Before He Dies
at Port Arthur.

CHIFU, Tuesday.

The Port Arthur "Novy Krai" of the 26th, referring to the operations of the previous four days, praises the conduct of Captain Lebedioff, commanding the marines at Zardjoutni. He stood on the top of the wall, revolver in one hand, sword in the other, and killed and wounded twenty odd Japanese, who mounted on the shoulders of their comrades and attempted to scale the walls.

When the Japanese had been repulsed Captain Lebedioff sat down exhausted, and was struck by a shell and blown to pieces.

General Gorbatowski personally directed the Russian fire, although he had passed six sleepless nights in the trenches.

SHELLING PORT ARTHUR.

£3,000 per Day Fired Away by the
Japanese.

It is estimated that every day something like 1,000 shells fall into Port Arthur.

The cost of this terrific hail of projectiles is just £3,000 a day. Even then the wear and tear of the guns, which is a large item in big gun firing, is not allowed for.

A naval officer of great experience estimates the cost of the projectiles as follows:—

250 6-inch	£914 13 9
500 4.7-inch	1,098 8 9
250 4-inch	634 7 6

Total

Add to this ten per cent. for freight, and you get the total cost of shells per day as £2,912 5s.

This number of projectiles, though enormous, by no means constitutes a record.

At the siege of Strasburg over 3,000 shells a day were fired into the town.

Sebastopol had cannon-balls dropped into it at the appalling rate of 50,000 per day.

The casualties, experience shows, are in very small proportion to the number of shells fired.

At Trouville it took 15,000 shells to kill one man. At Mezieres 648 to effect the same object. At Loigny 30,000 shells were fired without killing a single human being.

And it is not on record that at Mafeking, after a tremendous cannonade, Colonel Baden-Powell—as he was then—returned his casualties as "one donkey"!

DEATH BRINGS RELEASE.

Sultan's Brother Dies After Twenty-
eight Years' Captivity.

After twenty-eight years of practically solitary confinement, the miserable ex-Sultan, Murad V., who for six brief months ruled over Turkey, has died.

Seldom has the world seen a more tragic fate than this man's. He was born in 1840, and was heir to the throne of Turkey, being the elder brother of the present Sultan.

When Abdul Assiz was murdered in 1876 Murad ascended the throne. For a short time he knew all the glories of power.

Abdul Hamid, the present Sultan, reigned in his stead and immured his elder brother as though he were a criminal, fearful lest he should regain power.

Only his gaolers were allowed to see the unhappy prisoner. It is said that his hair turned white while he was yet young, and for twenty-eight long years he has lived without hope, waiting for death.

Yesterday he was buried by the side of his mother in the great Stamboul mausoleum, and his brother is said to be "deeply affected."

EX-PRESIDENT STEYN TO RETURN.

BERLIN, Tuesday.

It is stated that ex-President Steyn and his wife have received permission from the British Government to return to South Africa in December.

They will occupy a farm near Bloemfontein, a Laflan.

PRAYERS FOR A PRINCE.

Italians Hoping for an Heir to
King Victor.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, Tuesday.

Italy, like Russia a few weeks ago, is praying for a prince.

The Queen's accouchement is expected momentarily, and all good Italians hope that a son and heir will be born to the young King. Two little Princesses, Yolanda and Malfada, have so far been the only fruit of the royal marriage.

When, six years after the wedding, the first daughter was born, Queen Elena, after the fashion of Montenegro, her native country, apologised to her husband because the little new-comer was not a boy.

When the second little girl appeared her grief was increased, and in spite of the assurances of her husband that he would love them none the less she repeated her apologies, weeping all the time bitterly.

The Princess Yolanda, however disappointing her arrival, is tenderly loved by her royal parents, and is a bright, intelligent child. Her head nurse is an Englishwoman, as in all the Courts of Europe, and before she was finally chosen for the post the King himself went incognito to see her parents in order to assure himself of their respectability.

A Protestant was chosen, because the King did not wish the secrets of the nursery to be divulged in the confessional.

LOURDES "MIRACLE."

Pretty Parisienne's Cure Attributed to
Hypnotic Suggestion.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.

All Paris is dividing itself into groups over the Glaser miracle.

Pretty little Marie Madeleine Glaser, apparently devoured to death by consumption, was dipped in the holy waters of Lourdes twelve days' ago.

Growing better she was brought back to Paris and placed before the altar of Notre Dame des Victoires. And then—the miracle!

During the benediction Marie Glaser suddenly rose. Her face seemed transfigured. Round the church the news of a miracle ran. The Magnificat was sung. The girl said she had felt well suddenly. Ever since her health has improved, and she no longer suffers.

Catholics believe openly in a miracle. Doctors, on the other hand, talk about hysteria. A medical authority on hypnotism, Dr. Bérillon, seen by a "Matin" reporter, called it frankly a case of hypnotic suggestion.

He says that the Church, like a doctor, makes a study of the suggestive susceptibility of the patient. Then induces a hypnotic state by its chants, and finally associating certain acts with cure leaves the patient in a state of suggested cure.

DISARMED BY A WOMAN.

Two lady passengers had an alarming experience yesterday afternoon while travelling from Beshill to London in a third-class compartment.

As the train was approaching East Croydon a man sitting opposite one of the ladies, Mrs. G. Rawson, of Blackheath, produced an open two-bladed knife and made an attempt to stab her, muttering incoherently the while. But before he could carry out his apparent purpose he was pluckily seized and disarmed after a brief struggle by the other lady, Mrs. Willis, of East Dulwich. She then threw the knife out of the window.

At East Croydon the man, who gave his name as Arthur Cole, was given into custody. He will be brought before the magistrates to-day.

GREAT TIMBER FIRE.

Chelsea was illuminated for several hours last night by a large and, at one time, dangerous fire.

Shortly before seven o'clock it was discovered that a great timber-yard at the Lock and Gatiliff wharves, in Gatiliff-road, Chelsea, was alight.

The fire, which broke out in the very centre of a large building stored with great quantities of timber in every stage of manufacture, burned with great fury for several hours.

At one time there were twenty-three steamers and 130 firemen on the scene. The saw-mills and stores were completely destroyed.

DIAMONDS IN A FIELD.

Seventy-two diamonds, worth £60, are lying close to the hedge in a field at Buntingford, Hertfordshire.

Those who care to go in search of them will find Buntingford about half-way between Cambridge and Hertford.

The diamonds were thrown away by a young ring-maker named David Birne, of Jubilee-street, Mile-End, who, on a charge of stealing them, was at Clerkenwell, yesterday, remanded.

BURIED GOLD.

True History of £250,000
Treasure.

WONDERFUL STORY.

"The gold that has been found at Spelouken was not buried by Kruger; it was not Boer Government gold. It was gold stolen from the mines by a clever gang of thieves under the direction of a beautiful woman spy in the pay of the Boer Government."

So said a man prominent in South African affairs to a *Mirror* representative yesterday.

"I will tell you the whole dramatic story," he continued.

"First, to prove it was not the Government treasure. The day before the fall of Pretoria, Advocate Smuts, the then State Attorney, drove out in a wagon drawn by sixteen mules. He drove as for his life, for he carried the treasure with him. It was more than anyone has thought—well over £4,000,000 in bar-gold.

"Forty Boers chased him for miles, angry that the gold should go. But Smuts was safely through to Donkerhoek, near Diamond Hill.

"Thence the gold was transferred to Kruger's movable railway train capital at Machadodorp."

"One day when Kruger was speaking from a window of his saloon he was pelted with stones. In the confusion which followed, the carriage was raided. When the trouble was over, it was found that the gold had been removed.

"What happened to it? Well, some five weeks before Kruger left for Europe, and before the battle of Bergendal, which was fought on August 28, 1900, just four years ago, the gold was carried across country to Fontes Villa.

"It was put on a barge and taken down the Pangave River as far as Beira.

"There all traces of it disappeared, though some probably reached Europe, for in October Dr. Leyds commenced a new and vigorous campaign against England in the European Press.

STOLEN BY A WOMAN SPY.

"That dismisses the Government gold idea, I think. Now about the Spelouken find.

"It was not Smuts's gold, it was not Boer Government gold.

"It was stolen by a woman spy, connected with the Kruger family, but with whose machinations Kruger had nothing to do.

"I don't wish to give her name, but her description will be familiar to all who knew the country at that time. She was of medium height, and well built, and had a complexion of wholesome pallor. She was of Swiss birth, very voluble and excitable.

"She was well known in Johannesburg as an extremely acute business woman. She acted as a secret service agent for the Boers. Before the war began she carried her secret service activities so far that she had gone to Pietermaritzburg.

"Through a man with whom she had business connections she got into touch with British Intelligence officers.

"When the war began she left Pietermaritzburg, where she had made remarkable progress with, at all events, one British officer, and turned up later at Delagoa Bay.

"There she stayed till all at once she disappeared for several weeks.

"On what errand? She knew the Boer Government was working the Robinson, Bonanza, Ferreira, Rose Deep, and Jumper's Deep mines.

"With her knowledge is money. The Witwatersrand Reef series is made up of three different qualities of ore, which are worked to an average of about 40s. a ton yield by the mine manager. "This is important as a sidelight proof of my story.

OBTAINING CONFEDERATES.

"Well, she obtained confederates in the mining department, and set out to work upon what she regarded as a splendid opportunity.

"She induced the mine managers for a time, on the plea that they should get as much out of the Boers' properties as possible, to 'pick out' the eyes of the mine, i.e., to crush the best ore only.

"At the last stage of the crushing, when the ore was in form of amalgam on the plates, her confederates' share of the thieving came in. They scraped the plates and sent her the gold.

"For my proof I refer you back to the average. Although the eyes were picked out of the mines by the Boer managers, the average recorded yield only showed a slight improvement on the customary 40s. a ton.

Spelouken is a tract of bush country in the North-East Transvaal, most beautiful, but dangerous to live in.

The Bishop of Southwell died last night at Thurgarton Priory.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Very variable breezes; sunsets and changeable, rain at times generally, heavy local thunderstorms; becoming cooler.

Lighting-up time: 7.45 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth generally, haze or fog in places.

SUNSHINE AND STORM

London Broils While the West Is Flooded.

MANY WEATHER VICTIMS.

MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE YESTERDAY.
Shade 79 deg.

Although five degrees cooler than Monday, yesterday was a day infinitely more trying to the average man.

The air was oppressively moist and close, and in the afternoon contained more than a suggestion of thunder.

The weather outlook remains very unsettled. It is certain, however, that a cooler wave is coming, with local thunderstorms and rain showers.

Some places in the west and south-west of England were yesterday visited by the storms predicted on Monday.

Killed by Lightning.

Newport (Mon.) experienced a severe storm remarkable for but one flash of vivid lightning and a startling peal of thunder.

The lightning caused the death of a man named Casey, who was seeking mushrooms in the fields. It tore away the cloth of his cap, leaving the injured lining still upon the man's head. When found, the body was burnt in several places, and the clothing that remained upon it was still smouldering.

The weather experts were warned early last week to expect the spell of exceptionally fine weather we have just enjoyed. Their information was obtained through the Marconi apparatus carried by the different Atlantic liners.

Deaths from Heat.

A large number of deaths due to the effects of heat, or to boating and bathing accidents, are reported.

Stephen Bellingham, a labourer, fell dead from the heat while working in the harvest field at Llantrisant.

Herbert Moseley, fireman in a Monmouthshire colliery, fell dead at his work through heat prostration.

The drowning cases include:—Walter Vaughan, fourteen, drowned while bathing in a lake at Lenton.

An Accrington boy named Baron, who got out of his depth while bathing in the canal.

Elizabeth Roper, of Haigh, drowned in the canal.

Edward Boyle, of Warrington, drowned in the River Mersey.

Charles Dawin, of Kennington, carried away by the tide while bathing at Frital Bay, and drowned.

TRACED BY PICTURE POSTCARDS.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Cope and the Men Who Stole It.

The tracking and arrest of the men who are charged with stealing the famous Ascoli cope was a dramatic affair.

The cope was brought from Italy to England, and bought in good faith by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and exhibited in the South Kensington Museum.

It appears that a number of picture postcards with photos of the cope were put on sale in Ascoli itself some short time ago. Until the time of its theft the cope had only once been photographed, and then by a well-known firm. On comparing the postcards with this photograph, a distinct difference was noticeable.

In consequence, all the photographers in the town and the province were examined, with the result that evidence pointed to one named Raccogliani. It had been observed also that he had lately blossomed forth into a display of unwonted affluence, and last week the police arrested him. In his luggage was found a cheque on a London bank for £600.

The arrest of his supposed accomplice, the priest, Don Raphael Castelli, was even more dramatic, for at the time he was staying with the bishop of the diocese at Grottomare. He is a young and handsome man, and at the time of the theft was in a position of high trust at the cathedral, and could have access to the cope at any time. He was also a close friend of Raccogliani.

As a result of a raid on his house a number of compromising letters were found, and his arrest followed. Unlike Raccogliani, he protests in his innocence.

SOUTHEASE PRIZE-WINNERS.

The two holiday-makers at Southsea whose portraits appeared in yesterday's *Mirror* were Miss Queenie Hewitt and Mr. Henry Hodges.

Both called at the *Mirror* tent on the Common for their prizes—a *Mirror* fountain pen and five shillings.

Portraits of two more Southsea visitors are published to-day.

ATTACKED BY A BULL.

Fallen Man Miraculously Escapes Impalement.

While quietly picking beans in his garden at Egham, Mr. George Marshall, a relieving officer of the Windsor Union, was appalled to suddenly find himself confronted with a maddened bull, which rushed through his gate from the street.

Before he could move the infuriated beast, which was foaming at the mouth, charged at him and knocked him over.

Fortunately for the defenceless man its horns failed to impale him. They passed on either side of his body, one of them actually grazing his ribs.

By another happy chance the bull's furious charge knocked him into a celery trench. This undoubtedly saved his life.

For the bull charged at him again and again, but the earth banked up on either side of the man's body prevented its horns reaching him. They kept sticking into the ground, and the only effect was to still further exasperate the beast.

It nosed and mauled him and kept up its attempts to kill him until it sank exhausted to the ground.

All this happened in a very brief space of time, and then the butchers who had been driving the animal came to Mr. Marshall's assistance and killed the bull as it lay.

Mr. Marshall, though his side is grazed and he is badly bruised and shaken, soon recovered from the attack. But his escape was little short of miraculous.

A GLORIOUS "FIRST."

Good Prospects of Sport on the Stubble.

From all over the country come rosy prospects of a splendid "First."

In East Anglia, the great partridge district, coveys are numerous and strong on the wing. The intense heat of July was all in their favour, and everything points to a successful season.

Good sport is also expected in the West Country. Scotland is the only part of the country where reports are otherwise than first-class. The intense cold at the beginning of July interfered with the breeding, and the corn is hardly ready for cutting.

"As regards England," said a great authority yesterday, "the season, if not the best on record, will be very well up in the averages."

"LITTLE MARY, LIMITED."

Company That Will Act as "Minister of the Interior."

Little Mary will in future be better looked after than ever, for a company has now been registered at Somerset House under the title of "Little Mary, Limited."

It is, naturally, a catering company. It will supply every kind of eatable in every possible way—through restaurants, ordinary shops, and automatic machines.

But the capital of "Little Mary, Limited," will be £20,000, in £1 shares, and the gentlemen interested are taking a very broad view of "Little Mary's" needs.

"In addition to supplying food," said one of them yesterday, "we may start laundries, and sell tobacco, perfumes, clothing, and books."

"You see, anything that ministers to man's general comfort assists his digestion, and so all these things will help that organ so humorously christened by Mr. Barrie."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Chamberlain has now approved of the programme for his forthcoming autumn fiscal campaign. After his first meeting at Luton on October 5, Mr. Chamberlain will leave England about October 10 for a six weeks' holiday in Italy. Immediately on his return a great demonstration will be held in North Worcestershire. This will be followed by a mass meeting in East London during the first week in December. On January 12 Mr. Chamberlain will speak at Preston.

EXPLOSION CAUSED BY RATS.

A gas explosion, attended with remarkable result, occurred yesterday morning outside a provision warehouse off Southwark Park-road.

An examination showed that the network of gas and water pipes at the spot had formed the nesting-place of a colony of rats. Matches had apparently been carried there by the rodents, and, becoming ignited by friction or otherwise, had caused the explosion.

It is probable that before the end of the week the price of bread will be increased all over London. In several districts yesterday the price was increased by a halfpenny per quarter loaf.

ELOPING FOR FUN.

Rich American Girl's Practical Jokes on Lovers.

All things new and strange seem to come from America. A young, beautiful, and rich American girl has discovered a fresh and exciting, but by no means nice, form of practical joke.

She travels on the Continent, living at hotels, and arranges elopements that end in the great discomfiture of the deluded men concerned.

The scene of her last exploit was the peaceful town of Belluno, in Italy. She persuaded the porter of the Grand Hotel des Alpes to fly with her. The township was shocked, for the man had a loving wife and six children.

But a day or two later the runaway came back and slunk shamefacedly home to his better half.

What transpired between them no one has heard, but the American lady had explained pleasantly to the porter when she had loved him well away that she was only joking, and offered a sum of money to compensate him for the inconvenience to which she had put him.

The victim who suffered before the porter was a baron. He is now asking volubly whether the lady has any available male relative whom he can challenge to a duel and so be revenged.

DO NOT BELIEVE IN MARRIAGE.

Strange Sect of Commercial Puritans Settled in Sussex.

A religious sect which does not approve of marriage and runs highly-successful co-operative stores is something of a curiosity, especially when its members are called "Cokelers."

But such a sect exists in a district occupying a corner of the Weald of Sussex, and is described by Viscount Turnour in the current number of the "National Review." Its headquarters are in Wisborough, Northchapel, Kirdford, and Lurgarshall. Started in 1850 by John Sirgood, a bootmaker, the "Cokelers" now number about nine hundred.

The creed of the "Cokelers"—so called from their cocoa-drinking habits—is a strange mixture. They are so puritanical that they object even to flowers in a living-room. They have no marriage service, and do not encourage marriage.

In all their villages they run stores, which will even let a motor out on hire.

They are also most successful farmers.

HOMERIC FIELD FIGHT.

Desperate Encounter Between a Stoat and a Crow.

The story of a desperate encounter between a crow and a stoat is told by a Leicester correspondent.

Walking in the fields he saw a crow suddenly swoop down by a ditch. A loud squeak followed, and then a splashing of water and beating of wings.

The crow struggled up and flew a few yards with a stoat, which it was vainly trying to get rid of, hanging to its neck.

It sank to the ground, where a fierce life and death battle began. The crow bit the stoat's hind leg and got rid of it. Then the stoat seized the bird by the wing, and they rolled over and over.

Finally, the stoat again got its opponent by the neck, and to save the bird the onlooker lifted it and shook the stoat off.

The crow pecked vigorously at its rescuer, and had enough strength to fly away. The stoat vanished in the hedgerow.

SEVERE TEST FOR CHEAP MOTORS.

Thirty-three out of the thirty-eight entries for the Automobile Club's series of non-stop runs for motor-cars costing less than £200 started from Hereford yesterday.

The run was from Hereford to Worcester and back, fifty-two miles, and included the steep Frome Hill.

Fifteen cars successfully mounted the hill and made non-stop runs. Six others would have scored equally but for the failure on the hill.

BEGUILING THE CONSTABLE.

The Blackpool police continued the prosecution of palmists yesterday.

Constable King mentioned how Mme. Elvira told him he would make a photographer, secretary, telegraph operator, confectioner, or grocer. He had marks indicating that he came of an intellectual family, and he would gain a great social position. He told her he was a waiter.

Fines of £25 were inflicted in two cases.

The King and Mr. A. J. Balfour were purchasers yesterday at a sale of cattle of the famous short-horn breeder, Mr. George Harrison, of Gainsford, near Darlington.

"SIC TRANSIT VENUS."

Pathetic Death of the Zoo Gorilla.

CHLOE BEARS UP.

The elder of the two recently imported lady gorillas, Venus, passed peacefully away yesterday attended to the last by her faithful keeper and anxiously watched by the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens.

All that medical science could do had been done. When the morose gloom of the dear defunct deepened under the influence of a London Sunday into a hopeless lethargy medical advice was instantly summoned, and a fully qualified M.D. devoted all his skill to Venus's aid.

She suffered, it was found, from dysentery. Her food was instantly changed. Bananas and grapes gave place to a milk diet. Several times she was seen by the doctor during that eventful day, but he could only shake his head.

A Peaceful End.

Monday night came and the dying gorilla had made no sign all day. She lay in a semi-unconscious state. As the darkness gathered the jackals and wolves commenced to howl, but even these homelike sounds could not revive her.

Scarcely breathing, Venus lay looking wistfully at her watchers. From time to time something like a spasm shook her heavy frame, and her clutch tightened on her keeper's hand. She died slowly and quietly, caressing his hand to the last. She passed away so gradually that the change was hardly noticeable.

Chloe is bearing up. In spite of their different ages—Venus was five years old at least, while little Chloe owns to but two—in spite of the fact that Chloe came from the Gaboon and Venus from the Congo, a loving friendship had grown up between them.

Though not of the same fighting weight, they had at times wiled away the weary hours with wrestling matches, but generally they sat with their arms round each other, after the manner of young ladies in boarding-schools.

Post-Mortem Pending.

Chloe bore the loss bravely yesterday when taken out in the afternoon by her keeper, attired in a pink jersey and red and blue bathing unmentionables, which ill comported with her grief.

As to the real cause of the death of Venus, a post-mortem will probably show. The death of the animal comes as a blow to the institution. Gorillas are such rare things in the zoological garden world. Chloe, in London, and an animal at Breslau, are the only two Europe now has to show.

"NEVER SAY DIE."

Holbein Again Practising for the Cross-Channel Swim.

Crowds of people at Margate cheered Holbein yesterday afternoon, when at half-past two he left the Clock Tower slipway for a practice swim.

He swam to Westgate Point and back in grand style, being accompanied in the water by his trainer and two other swimmers.

At Westgate quite a fleet of rowing boats came out to meet the men and the *Mirror* galley, which accompanied them, and crowds of people along the shore kept pace with the swimmers.

To-day Holbein will take another practice swim at three o'clock, and on Saturday he will swim from Margate to Herne Bay.

Mr. Frank Holmes, who has made several attempts to swim the Channel, says he will probably start again on Saturday next.

Weidman, the Dover champion, and Burgesse, the Paris long-distance champion, who swam for four hours with Holbein on his last attempt, will start together on Sunday.

BORE OF DENYING ENGAGEMENTS.

CHICAGO, Tuesday.

Miss Daisy Leiter, in an interview, states there is absolutely no foundation for the report that she is engaged to be married to the Earl of Suffolk.

Mr. Joseph Leiter said: "It seems to be the favourite amusement of certain newspapers to engage my sister to various gentlemen. It is becoming somewhat of a bore."—Laffan.

WINNER OF "MIRROR" BICYCLE.

Master Archie Newman, of 102, Ford-road, Folkestone, won the *Mirror* bicycle, which was ridden through the streets of the popular south-coast resort for three hours yesterday afternoon.

The actual capture was effected during the ascent of Grace Hill. Master Newman quickly pounced upon it, and as he was able to produce a copy of the paper the machine was immediately handed over to him.

SEVEN DAYS' COURTSHIP.

Sequel to a Matrimonial Advertisement.

LOST EMU EGGS.

Two emu's eggs, a fan, and some other articles, representing a total value of £15, have led to a singular charge at Bow-street. Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Dacre, an Australian lady, claims them as her property, and accuses her husband, Ernest John Dacre, to whom she was married only a few months ago, of stealing them.

The Public Prosecutor has taken up the case, and Mr. Frayling, on his behalf, outlined the curious story underlying the charge when Dacre was brought up on remand yesterday.

The lady who is now Mrs. Dacre, Mr. Frayling said, was a widow living in Melbourne, and became acquainted with the prisoner in May last through an advertisement which she inserted. A correspondence ensued, in which the lady stated that she was a teacher of music and painting, while Dacre represented himself as an English gentleman, heir to large estates in Gloucestershire.

Married After a Week.

After a week Dacre proposed marriage and was accepted. On June 7 he said he had received a letter stating that his mother was ill, and that he was wanted home at once. So they got married on June 28, and sailed for England the same day.

Before leaving Melbourne Mrs. Dacre handed her husband £160 and gave him £340 to draft over to England.

Leaving his wife at Plymouth on August 7, with the explanation that he was going to see his mother at Gloucester, Dacre, instead of doing so, counsel said, came to London.

When Mrs. Dacre found that her husband did not return she came to London, and quite accidentally, in Oxford-street, saw her husband walking along. He immediately ran away, but she followed, and gave him into custody.

£120 in His Socks.

When he was searched twenty-seven £5 notes were found in his pockets, and another twenty-four in his socks. It is believed, counsel added, that that money was part of the proceeds of Mrs. Dacre's £340, which on a future occasion the prisoner would probably be charged with fraudulently converting to his own use.

In the witness-box Mrs. Dacre bore out Mr. Frayling's statement. When she first met her present husband, she said, he told her that he had been a photographer at Adelaide, and had a commission in the Army. His late father had been a general, but on account of his extravagance in the Army he had run into debt to the extent of £11,000.

The reason they got married after so short an engagement was that the prisoner said that delays were dangerous, and as he had a step-sister he might lose £16,000 which his mother had, if he did not return to England at once.

Profitable Alias.

They sailed for England in the Macedonia on the same day in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Ward. She objected to the use of another name, but her husband overruled her, saying that the use of the name of Ward would enable them to obtain the tickets through a theatrical friend at a cheap rate.

In concluding her story Mrs. Dacre said that on the way to England the prisoner threatened to desert her on three occasions. At Marseilles he took her ashore and tried to lose her. On the ship he left her to the mercy of the other passengers, and she seldom had any of his company.

The magistrate ordered a remand.

STILL WAITING.

No Sign of an Inquiry Into the Beck Case.

There is still no evidence that the Home Office propose to pay any attention to the national outcry for an impartial and searching inquiry into the Beck case.

Twelve days have elapsed since Mr. Beck's solicitors, Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, demanded an inquiry.

"Punch," in a clever and well-drawn cartoon yesterday, hit off the situation. A burly policeman is shown "passing on" a blindfolded lady—the traditional figure of "Justice." "A Court of Criminal Appeal?" he says. "You've got the 'Ome Office' here. Wot more do you want?"

Justice: I've tried that. Policeman X: Well, there ain't no other. Pass along, please.

Whilst the Duke of Wellington was out riding yesterday at Wolverton, Hants, with his two sons, a motor-car ran into one of the horses, severely injuring it; but happily the rider escaped without hurt.

SPECIALIST'S RUSE.

How an Ear Doctor Hoaxed His Patient.

Dr. Arthur Henry Cheake, a London specialist, described at Bow-street yesterday a ruse which he employed in testing the hearing of a commission agent named William Robert Reece, who he considered was wilfully attempting to deceive him. Reece was again remanded on bail yesterday on a charge of committing perjury in an action against the London and North-Western Railway for £5,000 damages on account of injuries which he claimed to have sustained in an accident at Euston.

When Reece came to be examined, Dr. Cheake stated, he said that he was completely deaf in his left ear, and badly deaf in his right.

Patient Deceived.

Dr. Cheake applied the usual tests, and told Reece he was going to block up his right ear. Instead of doing so, however, he simply put in a piece of hollow rubber tube, which would not affect his hearing in any way.

After it had been done Reece said he was stone deaf in both ears. The doctor bellowed into his right ear, but he said he could not hear a sound.

His hearing returned, however, when Dr. Cheake removed the hollow tube.

After that, the doctor continued, he fixed two tubes to the prisoner's ears, and prepared to speak through them from an adjoining room. A shorthand writer was in attendance to take down what was said, but it was impossible to apply the test, as Reece pretended to faint.

Other evidence having been given the case was again adjourned.

"ARSENIC SCARE."

Mayor of Margate Says Town's Water Is Pure.

We have received the following from the Town Clerk of Margate with regard to the statement in the article on the Margate arsenic mystery in yesterday's *Mirror* that the town's water was under suspicion:—

I am directed by the Mayor of Margate to write you with respect to the article on page 5 of your issue of the 30th inst., headed "Arsenic Scare," and calling into question the quality of Margate's water, which is supplied by the Corporation.

Dr. George Newman, Medical Officer of Health to the Corporation of Finsbury, who made a bacteriological analysis of a sample of Margate water as recently as the 3rd inst., pronounces it "an excellent sample of water."

I shall be obliged if you will give this letter prominence.

EDWARD BROOKS, Town Clerk, Margate.

August 30, 1904.

In an interview yesterday with a *Mirror* representative, Dr. Thornton, the health officer of Margate, denied the suggestion that Margate sweets, food, and water are contaminated with arsenic or any other impurities. "In my experience of twenty years," he said, "Margate has never had a more healthy or more prosperous season."

LIBRARY LOAFERS.

Park Pests Now Take Refuge in Reading-rooms.

Park pests, driven from the open spaces of London, have become free-library pests, and in the latter places they are even more objectionable than they were in the parks.

In the course of a round of visits to a number of public libraries yesterday, a *Mirror* representative found many of them haunted by filthy loafers.

They were not to be found in the newspaper-rooms, which were occupied by respectable working men scouring the advertisement pages for jobs; but in the more cosy reading-rooms, where, under the pretence of reading, they were enjoying a siesta in the comfortable armchairs.

A particularly revolting specimen was discovered in the reading-room of a library just over Southwark Bridge.

In answer to a question—accompanied by a tip—he said, in broken English:

"Where are the likes of us to go? Isn't England a free country? I've been warned off the parks. Isn't this a free public library?"

HOLIDAY "SULKS."

A woman named Sharritt, who summoned her husband before the Blackburn magistrates yesterday for desertion, said her chief complaint was the way he sulks.

The husband, in reply, said they had quarrelled about holidays, his wife wanting to go to Southport, and he himself to Blackpool. Then they had a "sulking-do," and never spoke for a week.

The Chairman: Who is it that sulks?—Both of us.

The case was dismissed, with the remark that both were "trying to be dummies."

NOTE THAT MEANT DEATH.

How a Demand for Rent Led to Suicide.

With no relatives or friends to appeal to in her old age, when work was hard to find, Mary Ann Thomas, a widow, aged sixty-two, took a fatal dose of poison.

At the inquest at Islington yesterday little evidence was forthcoming as to her antecedents. All that was known was that she had been a laundress and had lived in Ellenborough-road, Holloway, for some years. She was of intemperate habits, and for the last three weeks had not been able to find work.

Early on Saturday morning she was discovered lying on her bed, dead, and in the room were found a bottle and a glass which had contained salts of lemon.

"I Cannot Face Poverty."

The following note in her handwriting was in the room:—

I owe five weeks' rent. I have walked in seek of work each week. I have done a bit and had to walk miles for it. I went home and this is what I found under the door. I lost my work through being tantalised by a woman. I cannot face poverty.

The "this" referred to a note from her landlord asking her to give up possession of her room, as she was in arrears with her rent.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity, the coroner remarking that no blame attached to the landlord for the course he took. He did not ask for his rent; he merely asked that the room should be vacated.

TOMCAT'S TRAVELS.

Wandering Propensity Causes Trouble Between Two Ladies.

To such an extent has a certain tomcat—black with white spots—won the affections of two ladies living at Shepherd's Bush that a serious dispute has arisen between them as to his possession. The matter had become so grave that it was brought before the West London magistrate yesterday.

Miss Ellen Martin, housekeeper to an elderly lady residing at 114, Coningham-road, was summoned for detaining the cat by Miss Annie Usher, a young lady who lives at No. 42.

Miss Usher said she lost the cat at Whitstable. She next saw it on the doorstep of No. 114, three weeks ago, and took possession of it.

Once again it strayed away, and again she found it at No. 114. She picked it up, but Miss Martin snatched it from her, and now refused to give it up.

The Magistrate (to Miss Usher): I think it is your cat; but don't you think you might let her keep it? You see she is very fond of it.

Miss Martin (earnestly): I am, sir.

The Magistrate: You see it is of a sex that has a propensity for travels. Hasn't your affection for it waned, Miss Usher?

Miss Usher: No, it hasn't. It was a present from a great friend of ours.

The Magistrate: Very well, I must make an order.

INFANT HOUSEBREAKERS.

Two Children Rob a Sleeping Lodger.

Two cases of robbery by children were dealt with by London magistrates yesterday.

At the South-Western Police Court three Streatham lads—Henry Soan, eleven; Walter Wood, eleven; and Archie Bayliss, eight—were charged with breaking into 25, Wortwell-road, Streatham.

The little fellows, as they stood in front of the dock, could hardly be seen by the magistrate.

Wood is supposed to have entered the house by the scullery window, and then to have admitted the other boys. A little girl told them the people in the house were away, and put them up to breaking into the place. A quantity of jewellery was stolen.

The magistrate leniently put the boys' conduct down to a spirit of adventure. Wood was sent to an industrial school, the others were discharged.

The other case was quite as daring. Ellen Lewis, thirteen, and Leah Abrahams, eleven, living in Chapel-street, Theobald's-road, stole into the room of an elderly lodger in Abrahams's house, while the man was asleep, and took a metal watch.

At Bow-street yesterday the two girls were bound over.

FATAL FISHING WITH A HAT.

By crawling through a hole in some corrugated iron, John Carter, the seven-year-old son of a carman living in Gifford-street, Caledonian-road, got to the side of the Regent's Canal. Lying on his stomach on the bank he then tried to fish with his sister's hat.

While doing this he fell into the water and was drowned. Accidental Death was the coroner's verdict yesterday.

BARRACK LOVE TRAGEDY.

Corporal Shoots His Sweetheart and Himself.

DAY OF CRIME.

Tragedy has followed hard upon tragedy within the past few days.

Yesterday a soldier at Woolwich committed suicide, after shooting his sweetheart. Her injuries are so serious that her life is despaired of.

At almost the same hour a similar tragedy was being enacted at Gillingham, near Rochester. A man named Samuel Reed killed his wife by cutting her throat and afterwards took his own life.

The crime at Woolwich occurred in the Shrapnel Barracks, where the 143rd Battery of the Royal Field Artillery is stationed. About six o'clock yesterday morning a private going to call Corporal Budgeon found his door locked. There was no response to repeated knockings, and the door was broken open.

Budgeon, partly dressed, was found lying on the bed dead, with part of his face shot away and his rifle in his arms. Near the bed on the floor lay a young woman with blood oozing from a bullet wound in the head.

The corporal was dead, but the woman's pulse was beating feebly. She had been shot through the left side of the neck, and the bullet had passed through her head. Last night she still remained unconscious.

Marriage Had Been Fixed.

Her name is Dorothy Neville, and she lived with her parents in Bloomsfield-terrace, Paddington. She was a very attractive girl of about twenty-five years of age.

Budgeon was engaged to her, and the marriage had been fixed to take place in about six months' time.

From the appearance of the bodies it is believed that Budgeon, after shooting at his sweetheart, turned the weapon on himself. The gun found by Budgeon's side was the only weapon in the room. No one seems to have seen the couple enter the barracks the previous night, and it must have been undoubtedly at a late hour when few people were about in the camp.

What the incidents were that led up to the tragedy are not known. No sounds of quarrelling were heard during the night, and those who knew them say Budgeon and Miss Neville always appeared on the best of terms.

Letter Found.

In a letter said to have been found on the injured woman Budgeon speaks of a slight illness, but his comrades state that they observed nothing unusual in his appearance and manner. Budgeon was regarded as a smart soldier and was well liked in his corps. He had seen nearly two years' service, having been stationed in India the greater part of the time.

Screams of "Murder" heard by the "Reds" neighbours were the first intimation of the tragedy at Gillingham. Reed, who was a naval pensioner and Salvation Army man, seventy years of age, lived in a cottage in Victoria-street. He had been heard quarrelling with his wife on the previous evening, and again in the early morning.

When the police arrived Mrs. Reed was found lying dead, and her husband died in hospital soon afterwards.

SUICIDE'S PERSEVERANCE.

A determined case of suicide was investigated by the Islington coroner yesterday.

Edward Cornelia Adnum, fifty-five, a ledger clerk, drank some oxalic acid, but it had little effect on him.

Calling at a chemist's later he asked for some laudanum for toothache. The assent was suspicious, and gave him something else. He was also refused oxalic acid.

At another shop he was successful in obtaining a large dose of oxalic acid. Suicide during temporary insanity was the verdict.

CHILDREN
TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for BRUISING.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/12 per Bottle.

BRIEF NEWS FROM ALL PARTS.

Lord Londsdale leaves London to-day for Berlin as the guest of the German Emperor during the manoeuvres.

Lord Brassey is chairman of a committee formed to establish a permanent memorial to Sir Edwin Arnold.

In future the Gregorian chant will supersede all other forms of music in the English Roman Catholic churches.

Brigadier-General Campbell commands the troops at Aldershot in the absence of Lieutenant-General Sir John French at the manoeuvres.

Through trying to ride on the step of an errand boy's bicycle George Bull, fifteen, a flower-seller, has died of peritonitis.

PLAGUE OF WASPS.

Farmers in the south of Lincolnshire are suffering severely from a plague of wasps.

Fruit is being entirely destroyed, and many growers are gathering their crops before they are ripe as the only means of bringing them to market.

LEAKY AUTOMATICS.

Automatic machines which can be worked with tin medals or cardboard discs are, the Walsand magistrates consider, direct incentives to theft.

They will refuse to convict unless the machines are improved so as to throw out anything but pennies.

WHERE THE HORSE SCORES.

"A horse has sense, and a motor has none," was the sapient comment of the Southport magistrates when fining a man 40s. for being drunk in charge of an auto-car.

Many a horse has quietly jogged home safely with an oblivious driver, but a motor-car requires that its steerer shall have all his senses about him.

WAIL OF FOX-HUNTERS.

Fox-hunters in the north are in dire trouble over a coming extension of the N.E.R. electric system.

A light railway is being erected through seven miles of hunting country from Newcastle to Ponteland, and the landed proprietors of the district are in fear that they will not only lose their foxes, but also many of their dogs by electrocution.

WORK PLENTIFUL ON THE CLYDE.

Shipbuilding business is flourishing on the Clyde. Returns for last month show an output of one warship, thirteen steamers, and two sailing vessels, aggregating 28,000 tons.

During the same period some 30,000 tons of work has been placed, including a turbine steamer, each for the London and North-Western and the South-Eastern Railway.

BAPTISED IN THE HEATHER.

When twins were born to a gipsy family named McPhie at Gartmore, in Perthshire, a christening service was held out amid the heather by the parish minister.

According to gipsy custom the mother sat at the door of her tent with a bowl, and into this the hundred and more Romanians who attended from near and far, placed a contribution.

SUPERSTITION AGAINST SWIMMING.

At an inquest on a fisherman drowned at South Shields, it appeared that neither the drowned man nor the numerous fisherman-witnesses could swim.

A jurymen said it was a superstition among fisherman that if one of them learnt to swim he was sure to be drowned.

The coroner said he never heard such rubbish in his life, but it was a superstition that seemed to die hard.

CASES IN VACATION.

Thirty cases are set down for hearing by Mr. Justice Bigham, sitting to-day in the Lord Chief Justice's Court as Vacation Judge.

Among them are applications to restrain Mr. J. N. Mackenzie from raising the height of St. George's Hall, and to prevent the sea wall at Falmouth from being removed.

There are three applications to release persons from prison.

READY FOR WAR.

England's Invaders Are Told They Must be Well-behaved.

In the War Office instructions for the Army manoeuvres in Essex there are very few possible situations that are not taken into consideration and provided for.

"The inhabitants are at all times to be treated with the utmost civility," say the instructions.

"Care is to be taken to avoid disturbing game. If any game is started it is not to be pursued. But for this clause it might have been imagined that the picture of a company of soldiers in full cry after a rabbit only existed in the imagination of a "Punch" artist. The necessity for includ-

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has promised to address a meeting at Manchester on November 29.

The American E.C. and Shultz Gunpowder Co. has settled accounts for the Oakland explosion in 1901. It cost £44,300.

For the first time in the history of the craft, a large body of Freemasons will officially attend the Church Congress at Liverpool.

Mr. Dan Davies, just returned from the States, announces he will next year take over a representative Welsh choir of mixed voices.

Scarborough's marine drive, after seven years' work, was completed yesterday at a cost of £100,000. It will be formally opened next July by the Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Connaught will during October formally open the Wembley School for daughters of members of the Imperial Yeomanry who died during the war.

INEBRIATE'S DOMESTIC REFORMS.

When an elderly Middlesbrough working man arrived home in an unwonted state of inebriety he announced a series of domestic reforms to his astonished household.

Among other things he required an exact list of his grown-up children's sweethearts, and insisted that farewells must be taken, and the house locked up by ten o'clock at night.

His innovations not meeting with respectful acquiescence he signified his disappointment on his wife in a manner which has led to his being bound over to keep the peace for three months.

VOTE OF CENSURE ON THE MOON.

Llanelli Council does not rely entirely on the gas company for lighting its streets. It considers the moon should provide sufficient illumination during the four nights when it is at its full.

Unfortunately the past time of full moon has been cloudy and rainy, so Llanelli has been in darkness.

It was suggested by one councillor at a meeting called to consider the matter that a vote of censure should be passed on the moon.

"PLUMS" IN THE CHURCH.

The vacancy at Rochester Cathedral through the death of Dean Hole provides Mr. Balfour with a bit of church patronage worth £1,500 a year.

The Deans of St. Paul's, Exeter, Westminster, Lincoln, and Windsor have each £2,000, while Christ Church has £2,800 and Durham £3,000.

Attached to the Deaneries of Chichester, Winchester, Bath and Wells, Gloucester, Hereford, and Lichfield is £1,000 only.

LEEDS'S SOVEREIGN PHOTOGRAPHS.

Quite a novel bid for popularity is now nightly drawing all Leeds to the Coliseum Music Hall.

During the evening some thirty photographs of people snapped in the street are exhibited on a screen, and if any of the persons happen to be in the house and recognise themselves they receive a sovereign each. Fresh photographs are shown every night.

COW'S TASTE FOR LAUNDRY.

Mysterious disappearances of linen from a meadow near a Shropshire village has led to unfounded accusations of theft.

The real culprit has been discovered to be a cow, which devoured twenty handkerchiefs and a lace fichu at a single meal.

On another occasion a linen shirt and two antimacassars were devoured.

CLERGYMAN GOES HOPPING.

His parishioners having gone hopping, the Rev. R. W. rector of St. Augustine's Church, Steppney, has decided to close his church and follow them.

During his sojourn in Kent the reverend gentleman will live under canvas and earn his living as a hopper.

PATIENCE REWARDED.

After fishing in the River Vevy at Ripley daily for a whole week without even getting a bite, a local angler, Mr. J. Pullen, has just been rewarded for his patient persistence by catching three bream which together scaled 12lb.

ing it shows that hitherto there has been a light side to the serious business of Army manoeuvres.

"Troops will not be allowed to enter dwellings, houses, places of worship, schools, factories, or burial grounds without the permission of the occupiers." In the case of the occupiers of burial grounds considerable difficulty in establishing compliance may be anticipated.

"Arrangements have been made with the Chief Constable of Essex for one sergeant and six constables (mounted on bicycles) to accompany each force during the manoeuvre period. One sergeant and twelve constables will also be detailed for duty at such places as the opposing forces are likely to come into collision."

This is not to keep the peace between the belligerents. The chief business of the police will be to arrest spectators who are found damaging crops or fruit trees.

The grievances from which agriculturists are likely to suffer have been carefully studied, and clauses inserted in the instructions to cover most emergencies. Forms ordering owners of animals

Kubelik has made a stipulation that on any tour he undertakes he must be accompanied by his twins.

Through a collision in the Mersey the smack Kail has been sunk by the French steamer Dragut. The crew were saved.

Mr. Albert Vickers, who was accidentally shot while grouse shooting, is making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

Fred Dixon, of St. Dunstan's-road, Dulwich, with liabilities £236 and assets £13 in the Bankruptcy Court attributed his insolvency entirely to a breach of promise action.

Buckingham Palace forecourt improvements will be completed in three weeks. The new entrance to the Mall from Trafalgar-square will be open by the end of the year.

TAMING RELIGIONISTS.

Fines of 40s. and costs or a month's imprisonment are being impartially inflicted on all persons brought before the Liverpool magistrates for taking part in religious disturbances.

It is hoped by this severity to tame the exuberance of riotous processionists.

WITNESS'S FATAL ANXIETY.

After witnessing an electric-tram smash at Swinton, William McCann tried to board the car as it was being pushed to the depot to relate exactly how it happened.

In his anxiety he missed his foothold, and the car passed over his body and killed him.

INNOCENT AS A FLY.

"I know no more about the case than a fly in the moon," said William Webb, when charged at Birmingham Police Court with housebreaking.

Mr. Pearson, the deputy stipendiary, remarked that the phrasing of the disclaimer was entirely new.

FALL OF SMOKE ON THE CLYDE.

It is being seriously considered whether the prevalent cloudy and wet weather on the Clyde is not caused by the vast volumes of smoke produced by the excursion steamers.

It is suggested that they be compelled to use oil fuel, even if they have to raise their fares to meet the increased outlay.

POST OFFICE DISLIKES MOTORS.

Motor mail-vans have been unfavourably reported on by Post Office officials, on account of their unpunctuality.

Up to the present it has been found that the only real reliable vehicle is the horse, which is not so has to be kept amid all variations of weather, is that drawn by the horse.

AN AGED OFFICIAL.

It is understood that Mr. Henning, K.C., one of the Official Referees of the Supreme Court, will shortly resign his appointment. The learned gentleman, who is in his 83rd year, has held the office since November, 1887. He has been connected with the Bar nearly sixty years, having entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn in November, 1844.

NO POLITICS IN BLACKPOOL.

Blackpool regards the amusement business as much too serious an occupation for time to be wasted over the trivialities of politics.

To obviate a contest in the council between Conservatives and Liberals over the appointment of a mayor, it is agreed that each party shall farm the office in alternate years.

The next election is in the hands of the Conservatives.

A FAIRY COTTAGE.

For years a cottage belonging to the Cashel Rural Council has stood vacant, being haunted by the ghost of the Ballyvailea Witch, who was burned some years ago.

"The good fairies will never hurt me," is the fond belief of Joseph O'Brien, who has moved into the cottage, and meanwhile the superstitious villagers are wondering what fate there is in store for him.

to enclose their stock in places of safety will be distributed twenty-four hours in advance of the arrival of troops.

If troops pass through a line of gates an officer must see that each gate is closed after the troops have passed.

"Troops must not move past sheep in pens at a less distance than five yards, nor fire within 100 yards of them. If sheep scatter at the advent of troops a halt must be made until the shepherd gets his flock clear."

To meet cases where these clauses have been infringed or other unthought-of damages done, a military compensation officer will accompany the troops carrying a bottle of ink, a pen, and a cheque-book, wherewith he will settle all damages less than £10.

The troopships are all ready in the Victoria and Albert Docks. The great pontoons for landing horses were on the ships yesterday, and huge cranes were busy hauling boxes of Chicago canned beef, flour, sacks of oats, bundles of hay, and all other necessities for men and horses on board.

BLIND MAN'S WALK.

Ex-Pugilist Tramping Unaided from Glasgow to London.

Yesterday afternoon, in the presence of thousands of inhabitants, James O'Neill, a blind man, popularly known as "Blind Jimmy," set out to walk unaided between Cambuslang, near Glasgow, and London, a distance of nearly 450 miles.

The local factories suspended operations, and hundreds of miners left off work to give O'Neill an enthusiastic send-off. In Cambuslang and Glasgow, where he is well known, there prevails a very general impression that he will succeed in his task despite his blindness and sixty years.

In early manhood, until blinded in a colliery accident, O'Neill was a noted pugilist.

He has accomplished many outstanding feats of pedestrianism, the most notable being a walk for a heavy wager from Glasgow to Aberdeen.

At one time O'Neill was a soldier, and, as illustrating the daring and intrepidity of the man, it may be mentioned that he twice escaped from a military prison.

He will travel via Dumfries, Carlisle, Bradford, Huddersfield, Sheffield, and Chesterfield, and hopes to arrive in London before the end of September.

SOCIETY LADIES SWINGING.

Latest Craze of Fashionable Women Commended by Doctors.

The latest craze among fashionable ladies is for swinging as an athletic exercise.

Swinging, says the "World," combines the two requisites of any physical exercise which appeals to women. It enables them at one and the same time to give displays of prowess and effective dress.

The swinging craze has, however, much more solid grounds for its success. It is claimed that it is an ideal physical exercise, that it renders the muscles delightfully supple, that it improves a woman's figure and carriage, and that it gives her a lovely complexion.

A fashionable West End physician seen yesterday confirmed the statement as to the recent growth of the popularity of swinging, and had a good word to say for the craze. As an all-round exercise, giving play to every muscle of the body, it could not be beaten. It had one great advantage over skipping, as it had a markedly soothing effect on the nerves.

It is said that "swinging teas" will be popular during the coming season, where competitors in ravishing gowns will bewitch all masculine beholders.

SAVINGS OF A CENTURY.

Lord Ellesmere Celebrates His Entry Into Vast Wealth.

To-day the Earl of Ellesmere celebrates by a big dinner at Worsley New Hall his entry into possession of his great estates and colliery properties, which have been for a hundred years in the hands of the famous Bridgewater Trust. He will entertain the Trust staff and the neighbouring farmers.

Lord Ellesmere is a great-grandson of the Marquis of Stafford, afterwards first Duke of Sutherland, who was the nephew and heir of the last Duke of Bridgewater, the founder of the great canal system which bears his name.

The Duke completed the heavy undertaking when he was thirty-six years of age. By his will the waterways and the collieries were made the subject of a trust to last for a hundred years after his death, which happened on March 18, 1803.

Now the accumulation of riches is at an end, and the Duke of Ellesmere becomes one of our wealthiest peers. He is an enthusiastic but unlucky sportsman. As a novelist, under the pseudonym of "Charles Granville," he has met with a measure of success.

TOO SMART TO BE CIVIL.

"Say, which is the way to your museum?" "British Museum, sir? Take the second turning on the right. The buses passing the top of that street will take you."

"Oh!" and the keen-faced American who had been questioning a London policeman, turned rapidly away and walked on.

"That's a fair specimen of a Yankee's politeness," said the policeman. "An Englishman asks a question politely and says 'Thanks'; a foreigner often raises his hat, but I suppose an American's too busy hustling to be commonly civil. He asks as if he owned the earth, and never says 'Thank you'!"

Last night the 300th performance of "The Orchid" took place. To mark the occasion new songs and dances were introduced. "The Orchid" will probably occupy the stage of the Gaiety until Christmas.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
3, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1934.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

WHY do people go bankrupt? Ask the question of the first half-dozen men and women you meet, and five of them are sure to give as the cause "Living beyond their means."

The same tale is told by the annual official report on bankruptcy, which has just appeared. Even where the crash has been caused by failure of businesses, debtors admit that they would stand better with the world if they had kept their private expenditure down when they found that they were not earning so much. It is the old story:—

INCOME, £100. EXPENDITURE, £99 19s. 11½d.

Result, HAPPINESS.

INCOME, £1,000. EXPENDITURE, £1,001.

Result, MISERY.

Yet there is often something to be said for the man who lives beyond his means. The world judges so much by appearances that it is positively damaging in many cases to make a great change in one's manner of life. Even little changes are noticed. "Do you see X travels second-class nowadays?" "Have you heard that Z is giving up his horses?" "What makes Y drink claret instead of champagne?"

Questions like these have their effect. There is a certain shyness about doing business with X and Y and Z. Their creditors begin to press for payment of their accounts. Their position trembles in the balance.

In such circumstances can one wonder at a man doing his best to keep up appearances? He would, no doubt, be very glad to reduce his expenditure. So far as his personal comfort is concerned, he would not mind a bit. He would even face the social consequences of drawing in his horns. It is the commercial or professional consequences that he is afraid of. How can he be expected to court disaster by telling the world that he is hard up?

There are very many cases of bankruptcy caused by sheer extravagance and folly. Frogs who try to sell themselves to the size of bulls always come to a bad end, and so do little people who ape the manners and expenses of big ones. But before we pass a general condemnation on people who live beyond their means, let us in justice inquire whether they do not do it rather from necessity than from choice.

MIXED BATHING IN TOWN

One result of mixed bathing at the seaside is a proposal that it should also be allowed in town swimming baths. No doubt this would be popular with many people who take delight in disporting themselves in the water. And there could certainly be no harm in it, if proper order were kept, as it is in all baths under municipal management.

There would have to be certain times set apart for mixed bathing. Why do not some of the swimming baths try the experiment of opening on summer Sundays for this purpose? Swimming is a most valuable exercise as well as a delightful pastime. We ought to encourage it in every way we can.

Of course, Mrs. Grundy would raise a protest, but fortunately in these days she has little attention paid to her nasty-minded outcries. The idea is one that has much to recommend it. We hope soon to find some enterprising local body carrying it into effect.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A Ballade of Midsummer.

The heat wave sweeps along the street,
And torrid ripples mark its flow;
Successive billows follow fleet,
And blister all things with their glow.
No puff of air swings to and fro;
No gentle zephyr stirs the trees.
No wind for the winds that over ocean blow;
O for a breath of the salt sea-breeze.

—Brander Matthews.

LAST NIGHT'S NEW PLAY.



In "Beauty and the Barge," produced at the New Theatre last night, Mr. Cyril Maude reveals in the part of a barge, one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's humorous creations.—(See page 11.)

READERS' LETTER-BOX.

GUILTY.

Notwithstanding the prevalent bias in favour of Mrs. Maybrick, the evidence you have published is, in my opinion, overwhelmingly against her; and if I had been on the jury I should unhesitatingly have voted for a verdict of Guilty.

Lanka, Stevenage.

H. BARFOT.

SMOKERS, BEWARE.

Smokers are becoming more and more careless of other people's feelings. I am one myself, but I hope I have some decency left. Most smokers in public places have none.

As for spitting, it is a habit for which a man ought to be soundly kicked as a dirty creature unfit to associate with anyone but dogs.

R. N. PAVY.

FRUIT NOT TOO PLENTIFUL.

I cannot agree with your correspondent who says fruit is too cheap to pick.

The only fruit of which there has been any glut is apples. Pears have made very fair prices. Damsons have been making 2s. per half when other years we have been compelled to sell at 9d. and 1s.

Plums have all made very fair prices for the growers up to the present compared with some years, but we shall see a fall in prices of plums this week.

F. E. KURTOW.

26, James-street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Having charge of a property containing nearly 4,000 of the working class, I think I may express my opinion upon free food for school children.

I am convinced that indirect taxation, free education, free fresh air funds, free food and clothing are without doubt the causes that destroy the manhood and pauperise the people.

Those who do not should be made to know that they are responsible, instead of being allowed to put their burden upon other shoulders.

ONE WHO HAS TO WORK.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. George Gould.

A MAN who can afford to give £1,000 for a pet is surely a man of the moment, and it is that Mr. George Gould has just done. But then Mr. Gould is what might be called a rich man—even in America—for the late Mr. Jay Gould left the trifling sum of about £17,000,000. Mr. George Gould did not get all that, for the will of the dead millionaire made his children millionaires too, but far the largest share went to the eldest son.

Nor is he easily satisfied with riches. Even with such a legacy he objected to paying death duties, and succeeded in persuading the American courts that a great part of the money was not a legacy, but a debt owing to him by his father for business salary.

No wonder he has money to buy bulldogs with. Like his father, he is wonderfully fond of his children, and the Gould nurseries are one of America's boasts.

The expensive bulldog will have quite a good-looking master, for, except that he has a way of looking up from under his eyebrows in rather a saintly way, he has a pleasant, straightforward face, and a good mouth, which would usually show a smile if it were not mostly hidden under a dark moustache. If he succeeds in reaching the latter years of his life without being very fat, he will be surprised and delighted.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Sort of Weather Are We Likely To Get in September?

As a rule September is a fine, dry month, and shows an improvement on the end of August. As we are certainly having a fine summer, September should be one of the most pleasant months.

On the other hand, this has been a very dry summer, and the rainfall is well below the average, so it is probable that we shall have rather more rain than usual this September.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

NOBODY would dare to accuse Lord Masham of hiding his light under a bushel, but then few people have so great a right to be proud of themselves. He really is a wonderful old man. His latest performance, as he has just written a letter to the "Field" to say, is to shoot three grouse, driven down wind, out of four, and that, too, at the age of eighty-nine. The strange thing about it being, not so much the shooting as the fact that his shooting is still improving.

Old age does not seem to be included in Lord Masham's conception of life. At the age of seventy-three he refused a baronetcy, and calmly waited for four more years for the peerage, to which he felt he was entitled. He seems to have been making things—and especially money—all his life. Soon after he was twenty he had a woollen mill of his own, and started making improvements. His first act was to produce a machine to supersede the old hand wool-comber, and make a big fortune. The next thing was to produce a machine which could utilise the silk waste thrown away by other manufacturers. It cost him over £350,000 before it was perfected. Now it would be hard to say what he owns. He is certainly landlord of almost all the town of Masham, from which he takes his title. His political faith is pinned to free trade, and his chief amusement is to write newspaper letters on the subject.

THE AUTHORESS OF "BOOTLE'S BABY."

It is always a plucky thing for a woman to interfere in a street row, but it was especially so for Mrs. Stannard ("John Strange Winter") to do so, for she is a woman of by no means a pushful nature. One of the last things anyone would call her is "stronger-minded" in the ordinary sense of the term; a woman writer, if you like, but not a "woman's righter." The success which she has achieved did not come to her easily, for she had been writing for ten years before she made a real success. A significant fact, too, for the reflection of literary significance is that "Boots' Baby" was rejected by no fewer than six London editors before it found a publisher.

The story of how "Boots' Baby" did come to be published is quite a tribute to the "lucky horseshoe"—or marriage. After its rejection by the MS. of "Boots' Baby" found a home in a rubbish box. Then the authoress married, and soon after Mr. Stannard found the story, read it, and advised that it should be sent to the "Graphic." "Send it to Paradise, if you like," answered Mrs. Stannard. It's quite as likely to get into one as the other. Not long afterwards she picked up a horseshoe in the road, and carried it home "for luck." The horseshoe was placed on the hall table. Later in the day, when Mrs. Stannard moved it, she found that she had placed it on the top of a letter from the "Graphic" accepting "Boots' Baby."

"Scarborough week," as usual, finds Lord Londesborough hard at work trying to make the affair a success. It is a sort of tradition in the family to be at Scarborough for the annual cricket festival, and Londesborough Lodge is always filled with visitors for the occasion. Lord Londesborough is closely connected with Yorkshire in general, and Scarborough in particular, for he holds the quaint title of Hereditary Vice-Admiral of the Yorkshire Coast. The only obligation of the office seems to be that a huge ship, formed entirely of sugar, should be served up on Christmas Day. This was not the original object of the office, but it is all that is now left of it.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S PLAY.

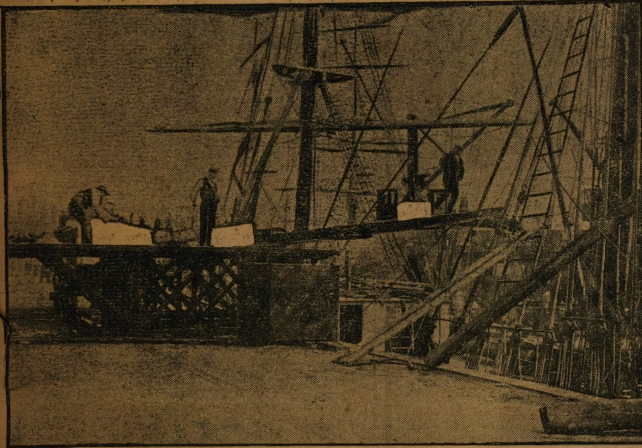
I wonder whether Mr. "Charlie" Hands, the war correspondent of the "Daily Mail," at present roughing it with the Russian forces somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mukden, has much time to think how his play, "Madame Sherry," is getting on at home. It is only known to a few of the great things, and has met with a most enthusiastic reception at Kennington this week. He is a wonderfully versatile person, is Mr. Hands, and if he were not so diffident about his literary abilities might make a great success as playwright or author. As it is, with the one exception of "Madame Sherry," he has confined his energies to being an excellent war correspondent and one of the most popular journalists in the world. In talking of Mr. Hands, one says the "word" advisedly, for he is known all over it.

The pluck with which Mr. Hands behaved when seriously wounded in South Africa was only characteristic of the man. Though his thigh had been broken by a bullet, and he was on the verge of bleeding to death, all he had to say was, "Don't worry; give me a cigarette and I shall be quite happy." He is a modest person, and does not care to talk about himself—a quite understandable thing, for years ago he committed a crime, for which an indignant public would have lynched him had they known. As he is safely out of the country it can be told without fear of tragic consequences.

One day, in Holborn, he met a song-writer, who whistled to him the tune for a new song. "Good tune," said Mr. Hands. "What are the words like?" "The chorus is merely To-ra-ra-boom-dee, repeated eight times," ventured the song-writer, who was trying to draw Mr. Hands's opinion, while in doubt as to the song himself. "Magnificent," exclaimed Mr. Hands, "you have got the success of the century." Thus it was, Mr. Hands, who (tired that humming song loose upon a restless world)...

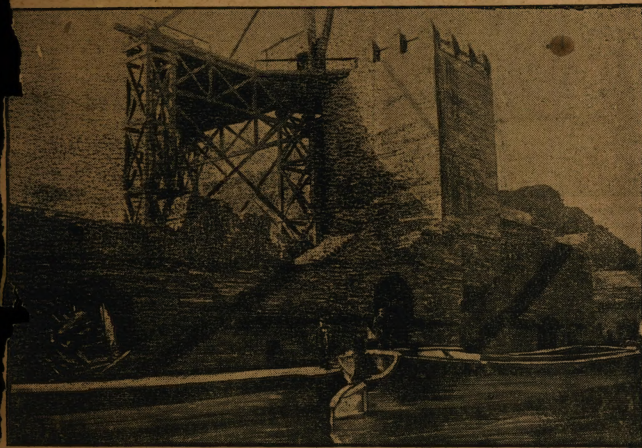
SNAPSHOTS THAT TELL THE STORY OF THE DAYS NEWS

KEEPING LONDON COOL.



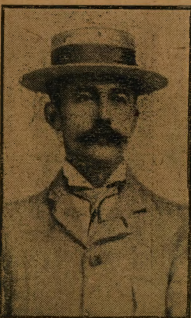
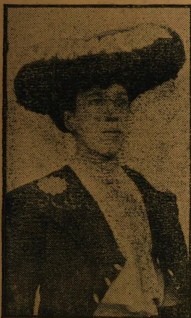
The excessive heat of the last few days has sent up the demand for ice. Here you see dock labourers at Limehouse unloading London's ice supply from Norway.

CASTLE BUILT OF FIREWOOD.



Showing some quaint castles built out of the pile of London's firewood stored on the banks of the Regent's Canal.

SOUTHSEA PICTURE COMPETITION.



Each of the above Southsea visitors will receive five shillings and a "Mirror" fountain pen on application at the "Mirror" tent on the Common.



Col. Horace Ricardo, who is senior colonel of the Grenadier Guards, is now retiring. —(Photo by Russell.)



Miss Unger, whose play, "Mr. Sheridan," was produced by Mr. Arthur Bouchier at Brighton on Monday.



Miss Jessie Bateman and Mr. Cyril Maude, the two leading characters in "Beauty and the Barge," produced last night at the New Theatre.—(Photographs by Ellis and Walery and Fellows Willson.)



Little Miss Edward on the Common.

MARGATE POISONING CASE.



No. 8, Victoria-cottages, Margate, where Thomas and Mary Ellen Latter, who are now under remand charged with manslaughter, lived. In front of the house there is a small enclosed yard, where the Latter's child, Thomas Augustus, was found dead from arsenical poisoning.

1,000 MILES LIGHT MOTOR-CAR TRIALS.



Coupling two Wolseley cars together with a pair of spring balances in order to test the tractive power of the cars.

A GLIMPSE OF "THE CHEVALEER"



In the third act of "The Chevaleer," Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new piece at the Garrick Theatre, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, as the comic showman, is the centre figure.—(Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)



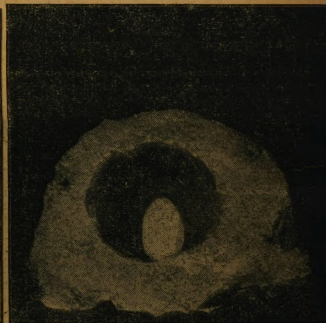
Miss Nancy Price and Miss Violet Vanbrugh in the second act.—(Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

PLAYMATE OF A PRINCE.



Princess Ponsonby, a favourite playmate of Prince George. She is a daughter of Captain F. Ponsonby, the quarry-in-Waiting.—(Photograph by E. Brooke.)

THE FLAMINGO BIRD'S QUEER NEST.



After considerable difficulty an American professor of ornithology has secured a number of flamingo nests, which he has just taken to the States. The first picture shows a colony of the nests on the Bahama Islands; and in the second photograph is seen a flamingo egg in its nest of mud.

A SPLASHING SCENE AT MARGATE.



Two little visitors splashing in the sea during yesterday's scorching weather at Margate.

MILLINERY FOR SEPTEMBER—A PICNIC HAMPER.

LUNCH OUT OF DOORS.

MENU FOR AN OPEN-AIR FETE.

The preparation of a picnic hamper, whether for river, mountain, or motor trip, requires much forethought and judicious planning of the menu. The portability, digestibility, and nutritious value of each dish must be considered.

First and foremost there should be two or more substantial dishes, such as a pie, galantine, or pressed beef. Then a dish of eggs is always appreciated, such as Scotch eggs or stuffed eggs, which are more interesting than the ordinary hard-boiled egg—alas! so often the chief item in a picnic hamper. A good supply of sandwiches must not be forgotten, and tartlets of all kinds are suitable, together with buns and fairly-plain cakes. It is a mistake to choose rich cakes or those with much icing.

Fresh fruit is always in demand, and, above all, there should be a good supply of beverages. It is advisable to provide the etceteras for making tea, but cold drinks, such as lemonade and fruit syrups, should not be forgotten. If possible these are a great addition to a picnic, and these can be easily carried in the freezer.

Here are recipes of some suitable dishes.

CHICKEN PIE.

INGREDIENTS:—Two medium-sized fowls, a small onion, a bunch of savory herbs, salt and pepper, three hard-boiled eggs, three-quarters of a pound of cold ham, three-quarters of a pint of cold water, one raw egg, about a pound of rough puff pastry, half an ounce of leaf gelatine.

Cut the fowls into neat small joints and take out the bones. Put the bones, necks and gizzards, into a pan with enough cold water to cover them; also the onion, herbs, and salt and pepper, and let these simmer for one and a half hours. Put a layer of chicken in a pie dish, then some slices of ham and hard-boiled egg. Sprinkle over them salt, pepper, and a little chopped parsley. Repeat these layers till the dish is full. Then pour in the cold water. Put on the lid of pastry, decorate it prettily with leaves of pastry, then brush the top over with beaten egg. Put the pie in a quick oven for about half an hour. Then move it to a cooler part, and bake it for about an hour and a half longer. Now strain the stock from the chicken bones, melt the gelatine in it, and season it nicely with salt and pepper.

Next carefully lift out the centre ornament from the pie, pour in the stock, and leave the pie till it is cold.

STUFFED EGGS.

INGREDIENTS:—Eight hard-boiled eggs, two ounces of butter, three teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper, one raw egg, breadcrumbs.

Shell the eggs and make a slit lengthways in each, then carefully remove the yolks. Put the yolks in a basin with the butter, anchovy sauce, chopped parsley, salt, and pepper. Work these ingredients well together with a wooden spoon, then very carefully fill in the whites of egg with the mixture, pressing the edges of the white well on to the mixture, so as to hide the slit. Dip each egg into flour to dry it. Beat up the raw egg and brush the stuffed eggs over with it, then cover them with breadcrumbs. Have ready a pan of frying fat, and when a bluish smoke rises from it fry the eggs, and when a bluish smoke rises from it fry the eggs, and when a bluish smoke rises from it fry the eggs. Then drain them well on kitchen paper. In the present case they would be served cold, but they are also excellent hot.

RICE BUNS.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of castor sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of flour, half a pound of ground rice, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder.

Mix together two extra teaspoonful of flour with the same quantity of sugar. Then brush some patty tins with melted butter, put a little of the mixed sugar and flour in each, shape it all over, and turn out all that will not stick, leaving the tin thinly coated all over.

Next mix together the flour and ground rice, cream together the butter and sugar, then add to them half the flour and rice and one egg. Mix these well together, and add the rest of the flour and rice all but one teaspoonful, and the second egg, and, lastly, add the baking powder, with the flour you reserved. Stir all these ingredients well together. Put the mixture into the prepared tins, place them in a moderate oven, and bake them about ten to fifteen minutes. When they are cooked put the buns on a sieve to get cold.

SHROPSHIRE TARTLETS.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of good short pastry, two eggs, three ounces of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of castor sugar, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, two ounces of preserved ginger, two teaspoonful of ginger syrup.

Roll out the pastry to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch. Line some small patty tins with it. Cream the butter and sugar till it is very soft. Beat in the eggs and continue to beat the mixture for at least five minutes.

Mix the flour and baking powder, and add a pinch of salt.

Stir these dry ingredients lightly to the butter, then mix in the sugar and ginger, cutting the latter

in small dice. Fill the pastry cases three-parts full with this mixture. Bake them in a quick oven till they are a delicate brown, and dust them when they are cooked with castor sugar. Serve them either hot or cold.

SANDWICHES.

An endless variety of sandwiches may be made. It is a good plan to make some of white bread and others of brown. For picnics the bread should not be cut too thin, nor the sandwiches very small.

The following hints may be of use in preparing the mixtures:

Thin slices of beef, ham, or tongue, with chopped cress scattered over them make appetising morsels.

The yolks of hard-boiled eggs, mixed while hot, with half an ounce of butter and half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley to each two yolks, comprises a good filler.

Three-pennyworth of cream, whisked till just stiff, then mixed lightly with three teaspoonful of any fish paste and half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, results in an excellent mixture.

Two tablespoonful of grated cheese, mixed with one ounce of fresh butter and one teaspoonful of



Ostrich-plumage figures largely on the millinery of the early autumn. A beautiful orange-coloured feather trims the cinnamon straw hat depicted first above; and the second model is an onion-green chip one, with a swathing of darker green panne round the crown and a cluster of white feathers at one side.

anchovy paste, a dust of cayenne, and a little made mustard, will be sure to please the most fastidious. Rub all these ingredients through a sieve before spreading the mixture on the bread.

Ivory toilet sets are coming into their own once more, and at present take precedence of the silver, tortoise-shell, and gold-mounted articles that in the intervening years, since ivory was fashionable before, have each held sway in turn.

RULES TO REMEMBER.

MODERATION RECOMMENDED TO THOSE WHO SWIM.

In September there are more inducements, even than in August, for swimming in the sea, and many girls will be beginning to learn. The follow-

swim away from the crowd until she is an expert swimmer.

She should learn not to be frightened or to give way to panic if a limb becomes cramped. If it is raised from the water and rubbed for a minute the pain will cease.

If she ever has occasion to save anyone from drowning she can do so, even if she is not an adept swimmer, by remembering not to come in front of the drowning person in order to rescue her. She should approach her from the back, and seize her firmly by both arms, near the biceps.

THE UP-TO-DATE DOLL.

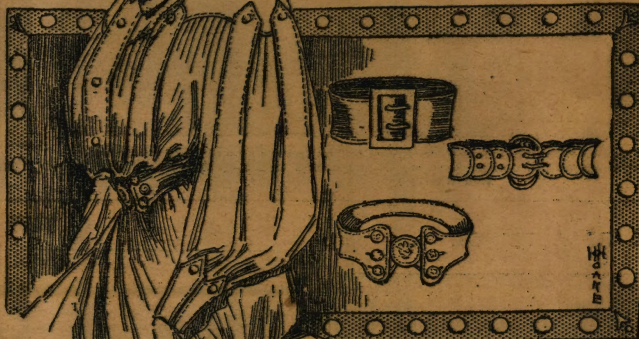
A VERY WELL-CARED-FOR TOY.

Nothing is too good for the twentieth century doll.

Miss Dolly's bedstead is a thing of beauty in these days.

Some of the more elaborate ones have a canopy top, and the sheets are edged with lace.

They have a spring mattress, pillows and bolster complete, and the prettiest of lace and silk coverlets. Wardrobes may be had for dolls. Of course,



there are looking-glasses on them, so that their owner may see how pretty she is.

The wicker lady must have as complete a wardrobe as her youthful owner.

Mail carts in exact imitation of those for infants are available for Miss Dolly.

These carts have reclining backs, splash-boards, rubber-tired wheels, steel springs, cushions, and an awning to prevent their occupant from melting away.

SECRET DRESSING-TABLES.

The drop-head dressing-table is the latest. On a mahogany surface the brushes and other accessories of the toilet are fitted into sunken grooves. In the centre a small mirror is attached to a hinged upright. Extensions, felt covered, at either side of the box-like table increase its length.

When it is desired to enclose the table, the mirror is turned face down, and the extensions are lifted at either side and turned towards the centre, where they meet. As the extensions are raised the dressing-table centre descends, on the principle of a drop-head sewing machine, and as the extensions have backs of highly polished wood, they present an unbroken surface, and a medium-sized box-table remains. A lock in the front joins the extension cover, so that the contents cannot be disturbed.

With this contrivance a woman who wishes to keep her dressing-table contents out of sight when not in use simply has to shut up the case, just as she does with her sewing machine. Drop-head dressing-tables are made mostly in mahogany.

Plasmon added to Food
Makes the Food Good, Nourishing, Digestible.
Plasmon
Will Make You Strong.

Full Directions and Recipes with each Packet.

At all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, 9d., 1/4, and 2/6.

International Plasmon, Ltd., 66a, Farringdon St., London, E.C.



LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER

XX.

A Prisoner.

When Gramphorn came to his senses he found himself lying under a cool awning of canvas. A man dressed in a quiet uniform of white drill handed him a cup of beef tea and brandy. He drained it to the last drop, and gave a sigh of content.

Two German naval officers stood a yard or two apart, and conversed in low tones. Then they came to his side, and regarded him sternly.

"Better, eh?" said one of them gruffly, in excellent English.

"I shall be all right in an hour or two," Gramphorn replied.

"Allow me to introduce myself," the officer continued—"Captain Schwartz of His Imperial Majesty's Navy. Perhaps you are acquainted with my son."

"Have you come from Corboe?" Gramphorn asked, disregarding the question.

"Yes."

"How many ships?" queried the financier.

"Two—the Kaiser Wilhelm the Third and the Tannhauser."

"Have the Reliance and the Powerful arrived?"

"No," Captain Schwartz replied curtly, "but we have not come to answer questions, Mr. Gramphorn; we have come to ask them." He motioned to the doctor, who withdrew. Then, seating himself on an empty box, he drew a revolver from his belt and placed it on his knees. Gramphorn frowned.

"What is the revolver for?" he asked sharply.

"Has war been declared between England and Germany? Am I your prisoner?"

"I am glad to say that Germany is at peace with England," Captain Schwartz replied, "but I regret to say that you must consider yourself under arrest."

"You are not in Germany," Gramphorn said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "nor even on German territory." Captain Schwartz smiled, and showed a line of strong, white teeth. There was the sound of a volley fired not far from the tent. The officers exchanged significant glances.

"Natives still about?" asked Gramphorn carelessly.

"A man was tried by court-martial this morning," replied the officer, "and condemned to be shot. The sentence has just been carried out. He was, I believe, a friend of yours—Otto Rosenbaum."

"Not a muscle of Gramphorn's face moved, but his eyes sparkled dangerously.

"His papers are in our possession," continued the officer; "we have come to ask you a few questions about them."

"I decline to answer any questions at all," Gramphorn replied. "I am not interested in Mr. Rosenbaum or his papers."

"Our instructions are precise."

"I shall not satisfy your curiosity," said Gramphorn. "I am in your hands; but you dare not harm me. If you attempt to keep me prisoner, you will have to answer to my Government."

"I am afraid that they will disown you, Mr. Gramphorn," he said, rising to his feet. "However, we shall see in a few days. In the meantime I hope no accident will happen to you," and he smiled significantly. Then he went to the door of the tent, summoned the doctor and two sentries, and gave the latter instructions to shoot the prisoner if he tried to escape.

"Good day, Mr. Gramphorn," he said politely; "we have found it necessary to isolate you from your companions. They are under the impression that you are dying. I sincerely hope you will do all you can to remove that impression." He bowed and left the tent, accompanied by his brother-officer.

When Gramphorn was left to his own thoughts the humiliation of his position was brought forcibly home to him. He was a prisoner in time of peace; he was being treated as one who had warred against society—one who, not to put too fine a point on it, was regarded as a criminal. The position was absurd. The arrival of the British warships would put an end to all this nonsense. But much might happen before they arrived. He recalled Captain

Schwartz's scarcely veiled threat. He would have placed complete reliance on the honour of a German officer, the type of man who does not, as a rule, descend to the doubtful methods of the secret service. But his life was in the hands of Carl Schwartz's father. An attempt at escape! A chance shot in the dark! A bayonet thrust by a blundering sentry! It could all be easily arranged, and nothing would be heard of the matter, save that John Gramphorn had died of fever.

It was not a pleasant prospect, and was rendered still more unpleasant by a horrible suspicion that was gradually forming itself in Gramphorn's mind. Was it possible that he had been arrested with the consent of the English Government? These Germans were no fools, and it was hardly likely that they would take a step that might lead to serious international complications without having ascertained England's views on the matter. Gramphorn remembered that he had many enemies, and among them Lord Lothbury, a man whose opinions would go far in a matter of this sort. His face whitened at the thought, and he clenched his hands in impatient fury. Was it for this that he had schemed and toiled, and spent his gold? Was it for this that he had endured the horrors of battle and the agonies of thirst? Was it for this that nearly five hundred men had laid down their lives on the green plains of Mashagweland? Oh, the bitterness and shame of it all!

In three days' time they reached Corboe, a small trading settlement, set on the edge of a dreary swamp, but with the sparkling ocean beyond its line of huts and storehouses. The two German cruisers lay on the blue water like grim shadows of war, steel clad, ugly, and bristling with guns. Gramphorn regarded them with a sallow, and feared the horizon for some sign of the Reliance and the Powerful. No speck appeared on the blue sea, which merged in the blue sky overhead.

"I am forsaken," he said to himself. "But, by God's help, I will get the better of them yet." His spirits had risen during the march to the coast, and he had persuaded himself that popular opinion would be on his side, and the Government would not dare to disown him. But the empty horizon struck a chill to his heart. He was alone.

He was taken on board the Tannhauser, which was commanded by Captain Schwartz. He was treated as a guest, and, save for the fact that he was a prisoner, received every hospitality and courtesy from his host. It was clear that Captain Schwartz knew nothing of the way in which his son had died.

At the end of a week the situation remained unchanged. Gramphorn had been subjected to several cross-examinations, but had maintained an obstinate silence. All day long he kept his eyes on the horizon. He could not understand what had happened to the British cruisers. Before he had left Corboe he had received certain and reliable information that they had passed Aden. He had no companions. All the other men were on shore in the town.

Then at last a glad sight came to his anxious eyes. One morning two faint blurs of smoke appeared beyond the edge of the sea. They grew and blackened till the dark hulls of the steamers came into view. Every minute the hulls increased in size, till Gramphorn could see the white swirl of the waters at their bows. He watched every inch of their progress, watched the guns loom out of the indistinct patches of grey, watched the ensign of England define itself against the sky, and with hungry eyes saw them sweep into the bay, and listened to the music of their cables as they ran out fathom after fathom into the blue water. His face glowed with pride and enthusiasm. The ship on which he stood became a mere barge. There, half a mile away, lay the emblem of the England that he loved—two of the finest ships of the greatest maritime nation that the world has ever seen.

Half an hour afterwards they let go their anchors, and a small launch from the Reliance came rippling across the smooth water to the side of the Tannhauser. A tall man in uniform, clean-shaven, sunburnt, and with iron-grey hair, came on deck, and was received by Captain Schwartz with the grave courtesy that always distinguishes those that go down to the sea in ships. They disappeared, and Gramphorn, who had only received a passing glance from the visitor, was left to look wistfully at the British warships in the bay. He noted, with some uneasiness, that their decks were being cleared for action.

In half an hour's time the visitor appeared on deck, and approached Gramphorn. Captain Schwartz stood out of earshot, gnawing his grey moustache.

"Are you Mr. Gramphorn," asked the officer.

"I am," the financier replied.

"I am Captain Bellairs, of the Reliance. I am

pleased to meet you," and he held out his hand. Gramphorn took it in silence, and kept his eyes on the lean, brown face.

"You have got in a mess," continued Captain Bellairs. "I am here to take you home. Should have been here earlier but we broke a propeller shaft. You had hell, I hear."

"We have had hell," replied Gramphorn. "Well, will you get your things together, and come along?"

"I don't want to go just yet," said Gramphorn, "I've a lot of things to see to in Corboe."

"You must return to England," said Captain Bellairs. "Must return?" queried Gramphorn sharply.

"Those are my instructions. I am to take you back to England."

"Whether I want to go or not?" The Captain nodded, and looked keenly at Gramphorn's face.

"You understand," he said, quietly.

"I understand," replied Gramphorn. "I am to exchange one prison for another." He passed his hand across his forehead as though dazed by the news.

"That's it," said Captain Bellairs, cheerfully, "it's that or a row with Germany. But you are all right. You've got the whole nation at your back. Why the trial—"

"Oh, there's to be a trial?" said Gramphorn. "A farce, Mr. Gramphorn, or I would have let you slip me somehow. You're the right man for me, and here's my hand on it."

The two shook hands, and Gramphorn accompanied Captain Bellairs to the Reliance. He had no fears for the future, but the bitterness of the present stabbed his very soul. The England that he loved had disowned him.

CHAPTER

XXI.

The Awakening.

Juliet Aumerle sat alone in the little drawing-room at Edwardes-square, holding a thin piece of pink paper in her fingers. She looked at it from time to time, as though she could not weary of its contents. It was a telegram from Stanoyon. He had arrived at Southampton that morning, and was at last free to communicate with the woman he loved. The few words of the telegram broke the complete silence of many months. Juliet had heard nothing of her lover since the day when they parted in the cab.

She had, however, kept her eyes on the newspapers, and the news of the native rising in Mashagweland had filled her with anxiety. She knew Gramphorn's plans, and was prepared for the news; but, when she was finally faced with the actual fact, she trembled for the consequences. It was possible that Stanoyon was not in that part of the country; but it was quite certain that Gramphorn was in the thick of it, and the safety of the man who had been so good to her was only of less importance to the safety of the man she loved.

But now at last she knew that Stanoyon at any rate was safe and sound. In four hours' time he would be with her. He would return a rich man, and they would be married as soon as possible. Yet she could not get the thought of Gramphorn out of her head. This strong man had forced himself into her life. Even her marriage depended on him, for he was going to pay Stanoyon the £20,000 that would make that marriage possible.

But at two o'clock Stanoyon himself arrived, gaunt, sunburnt, glowing with the ardour of a love that had buoyed him up through a hundred difficulties and dangers, and in the great joy of his arrival all else was forgotten. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her passionately, and she clung to him as though he had been given back to her from the grave, as though she would never allow him to leave her arms again.

"At last, my darling," he cried hoarsely, at last! I will never leave you again. I have worked all my life for this day to come." He kissed her again and again, and she responded to every passionate embrace. Then they sat side by side on the sofa, and held each other's hands.

"Now for the news," he said cheerily, "it must all come from you. I may not tell you anything of what has happened since I last saw you. It must be a blank in my life. Gramphorn has sworn me to secrecy."

"I have my own theatre now," she said eagerly, "the Pantheon, too. I play what I like, and fill up the caste as I like. I am a manageress—isn't it grand?"

Stanoyon looked at her flushed face and her

sparkling eyes. A faint chill touched the warm surface of his passion, and he shivered. Girls like Juliet Aumerle were not in a position to take a theatre without someone to finance them. He had grave suspicions of the motives of men who finance beautiful actresses in theatrical speculations.

"A theatre of your own, Juliet?" he said, with an ineffectual effort at a smile. "Why, how on earth did you manage it—the money—a theatre of your own?" He spoke lightly, but the girl's sensitive nature detected a coldness in his voice. She looked at him in pained surprise.

"You are not angry, George, are you?" she asked. "I thought you would be so pleased. A friend of mine found the money—"

"She stopped and blushed furiously. The whole affair, innocent in itself, had suddenly assumed a seriousness now that she knew John Gramphorn loved her. Stanoyon's piercing gaze was in itself an insult.

"Who is your friend?" he asked coldly. "Who is the man?"

"Mr. Gramphorn," she replied. "You seem annoyed. I think it was very kind of him."

"Very kind of him," Stanoyon said sarcastically. "But I know Gramphorn well. He doesn't do favours without expecting services in return."

Juliet rose to her feet, and a hard look came over her face.

"He expects nothing from me," she cried. "He is a gentleman, and a true friend—a great man."

"Aye," Stanoyon replied, rising and picking up his hat, "he is a great man and achieves all his aims." Then he turned with a sudden burst of fury, and catching Juliet by the wrist glared into her face.

"What is this man to you?" he cried. "And why does he buy you a theatre?"

(To be continued to-morrow.)

"BEAUTY AND THE BARGE."

Interesting Play at the New Theatre.

There is no doubt about Mr. W. W. Jacobs being a humorist. He has proved it in many books since he began to make a jaded world laugh with "Many Carriages." He will go on proving it, we hope, in many more. But we doubt whether he will ever have much success in writing for the stage.

The good points of "Beauty and the Barge," which saw the light at the New Theatre yesterday evening, are just those which make us laugh as we read Mr. Jacobs's books. But there is very little idea of dramatic writing to be found in the piece, even though the chief author was assisted by so experienced a dramatist as Mr. Louis Parker.

The story is simple enough. A young woman, in order to get away from an unwelcome suitor, induces a barge captain to take her on a trip to London. A young man ships as mate, so as to be near her. An old housekeeper is smuggled on board to act as chaperon. When the voyage is over the young man and the young woman pair off, the unwelcome suitor marries somebody else, and the only person left unsatisfied is the bargee.

Heart of a Sailor.

His grievance is that the young woman has not fallen in love with him. He labours under the delusion that his "affability" makes a deep impression upon every young man he comes across, and he quite believed that she was taking the voyage solely for his sake.

Naturally, Mr. Cyril Maude revels in a character of this kind. He looks a Jacobs figure to the life. He is one of the most cheerful liars we have ever encountered. His vanity and light-heartedness are full of an infectious gaiety.

His first entrance gives us the key to his character at once. He finds a gardener sitting on a wheelbarrow, which he immediately wheels round and round a flower-bed, singing "Here we go round the mulberry-bush," and reducing his passenger to a state of aporetically speechless rage.

Miss Jessie Bateman plays prettily as Beauty, and finds a capital foil in Mrs. Calvert, as the housekeeper-chaperon, with a decided tenderness for the captain. The cast is made up almost entirely of well-known players, who do all that can be done for the play by clever acting. Mr. Lennox Pawle is particularly good as a barge-hand subject to mysterious attacks which render him entirely unfit for work.

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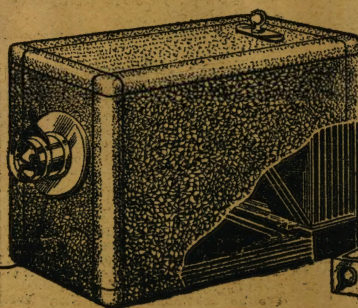
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THE STORY OF MADELEINE SMITH.

FIRST STEPS ON THE ROAD TO RUIN.

MORE LOVE LETTERS.

In the course of our study of the Maybrick case the trial of Madeleine Smith has often been mentioned. This was also a mysterious case of poisoning by arsenic. In each instance the accused was a woman; in each instance a love motive was alleged; in Madeleine Smith's case the verdict was "Not Proven"—a verdict which is not permitted by English law.

But in Mrs. Maybrick's case, although the General verdict of the public and of many of those engaged in the case was "Not Proven," yet, because the English law does not permit of such a verdict, she was of necessity found guilty.

Having regard to the similarity of the two cases, many readers of "Was Florence Maybrick Guilty?" have written requesting that the chief incidents in Madeleine Smith's case should be related for their benefit.

She was tried in the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh on June 30, 1857. It was certain that L'Angelier had died of arsenical poisoning, because no fewer than eighty-eight grains were found in his body at the post-mortem.

The motive alleged against Madeleine Smith was that she had seriously compromised herself with L'Angelier and wished to be rid of him.

To-day we tell how Madeleine Smith came to know him, and print some further letters revealing the nature and the development of their friendship.

CHAPTER III.

Meetings at Night—How They Were Menaged—A Kindly Cook—"My Darling Husband"—"Come to the Gate and Wait Until I Come."

We had reached the point—in 1835—where Madeleine Smith had been surprised in the beginnings of her " flirtation " with L'Angelier by her parents, and had been prevailed upon to discontinue it.

Mr. Smith, an architect in prosperous circumstances, living in a good house, was not the least intention that his eldest daughter should marry a penniless little Jersey man, tumbled into Glasgow no one knew whence, and earning a pittance as a clerk.

Even had the young man's intentions been, as the saying goes, "strictly honourable," the parents had every right to complain of the manner in which he had wooed his way into their daughter's life. It is now pretty certain that L'Angelier had first seen Madeleine in the street, and had been then and there enamoured of her beauty. He obtained his introduction to the girl through a mutual acquaintance, a boy named Robert Baird—but the introduction was only effected in the public street, for Baird had flatly refused to invite L'Angelier to his parents' house.

That introduction took its clandestine course through the correspondence which has already been given—cloysingly affectionate enough, imprudent enough (on the girl's part), but having nothing in it that could have caused her parents to close their doors irrevocably against her.

At this point, then, the parents discovered the "flirtation" (it was not yet an intrigue), and stepped in to stop it. Madeleine for her part did her poor little best to obey their wishes.

TOO LATE—TOO LATE.

But she had aroused a passion that she could not allay. L'Angelier had carried the outposts of love too easily to be content with anything but a final victory. He meant to get this girl into his power, because, above everything else, he loved her, and meant to marry her.

The few months then that followed Madeleine's first attempt to break off the entanglement are wrapped in obscurity. We are not able to follow first hand the actions of the principal figures in this tragedy. All we can surmise is that L'Angelier refused to accept his dismissal, begged for fresh clandestine interviews, and in the course of these implored the girl not to give him up. That he succeeded, the result of course proves; and when we are able to take up the story again at the point where the discovered correspondence recommenced, we find that his victory must have been complete.

Whether, poor, foolish girl, she fancied that she was giving in merely to conquer in the end, must always remain one of the secrets of that unhappy human heart. But no dissipation eye that resumes the perusal of her letters where they begin again in December, 1855, can doubt for a moment that thenceforth she was L'Angelier's, body and soul, or that there could be any freedom for her while he remained above ground.

We give the first of this renewed series of letters, almost in full, because in reality it marks the new relations that superseded in the history of this

unhappy pair. Before very long a new and terrible change manifested itself in the mind of the girl, as disclosed in her writings. Purty and decency seemed to have taken leave of this shielded and gently-nurtured nature. The phenomenon is not unknown in the history of psychology; but it is none the less strange or terrible.

My Own Darling Husband—I am afraid I may be too late to write you this evening, so, as all are out, I shall do it now, my own sweet one. I did not expect the pleasure of seeing you last evening, of being fondled by you, dear, dear Emile. Our cook was ill, and went to bed at 10—that was the reason I could see you—but I trust are long to have a long interview with you, sweet one of my soul; my love, my all, my own best beloved.

I hope you slept well last evening, and find yourself better to-day. . . . Never fear me, I love you well, my own sweet darling Emile. I think you should consult Dr. McFarlane—that is, go and see him; get him to sound you, tell you what is wrong with you.

Ask him to prescribe for you—and if you have any love for my Mimi follow his advice, and, oh, sweet love, do not say or do yourself, dear, oh, sweet love, follow the M.D. advice—be good for once, and I am sure you will be well.

Is it not horrid cold weather? I did, my love, so pity you standing in the cold last night, but I could not get Janet to sleep—little stupid thing. This is a horrid scroll, as I have been stowed twice with that bore—visitors.

My own sweet beloved I can say nothing as to your marriage, as it is not certain when they may go from home, or when I may go to Edinburgh, it is uncertain. My beloved, will you require to be married if it is in Edinburgh, or will it do here. You know I know nothing of these things.

I fear the banns in Glasgow, there are so many people who know me. If I had any other name but Madeleine it might pass, but it is not a very common name; but we must manage in some way to be united ere we leave town. . . .

If ever again I show temper (which I hope to I am cross. Sweet love, I adore you with my heart and soul. I must have a letter from you soon, because they shall have love kisses, tender long embraces, kisses, love—I am thy own, thy ever fond, thy own dear loving wife, thy

MIMI L'ANGELIER.

It may be added, in explanation, that Madeleine's parents were at the time residing in India-street, Glasgow. Madeleine occupied a bed with her little sister—hence the reference to "little stupid Janet." When Janet got to sleep Madeleine went to the basement door to admit her lover. Meanwhile, L'Angelier had been cooling his heels outside the door until such time as the road was clear.

A LOVE-SICK CONFEDERATE.

The lovers had a confederate—a love-sick housemaid, Christiana Haggart. As soon as the other servants were in bed she crept out and admitted L'Angelier to an empty laundry-room in the yard, where Madeleine joined him. These details, of course, only came out subsequently, but they are interesting, because they show how matters so love-sick girl placed at the disposal of her lover.

The post is not enough in affairs of this kind. Letters, however unbridled in their terms, do no more than prepare the ground. There must be meetings; and it is essential to a thorough grasp of this story to understand that even thus early L'Angelier and Madeleine had arranged matters so that they could meet every night in the week without much fear of detection by the girl's parents.

What, under such circumstances, could cause but the inevitable?

The first step that counts most in a woman's fall. Madeleine had doomed herself merely by consenting to this clandestine arrangement; however much she may have had the flattering union to her soul, as she went down the darkened staircase of that mansion wrapped in gloom, that she could preserve her innocence even in her lover's arms.

The next few letters show the course of this strange love affair.

On April 29 she writes, wishing him many happy returns of the day:

I trust, darling, that on your next birthday I may be with you to wish you many happy returns in person. . . . Papa has not been a night in town for some time, but the first night he is off I shall see you. We shall spend an hour of bliss. There shall be no risk, only C. H. (the housemaid) shall know.

The next letter, dated May 3, was sent from Helensburgh, where Madeleine and her family were spending the early summer. It shows conclusively that distance made no difference to L'Angelier. His love had grown so much that his arrangements for clandestine meetings had been perfected to a point which enabled Madeleine to give him "significations" at less than three days' notice. She writes:

Papa has been in bed two days. If he should be well and come down on Tuesday, it shall make no difference; just you come—only, darling, I think if he is in the boat you should get out at Helensburgh. Well-beloved, you shall come to the gate (you know it), and

wait till I come. And then, oh, happiness, won't I kiss you my love, my own beloved Emile, my husband dear. . . . My beloved Emile, I feel so delighted at the idea of seeing you I cannot write. I hope you will be able to tell me that you shall get married in September.

But, darling, I love you, and shall for ever remain true. Nothing shall cause me to break my vows to you. "As you say," we are man and wife. So we are, my pet. We shall, I trust, for ever remain so. It shall be the happiest day of my life, the day that unites us never more to separate. . . . Beloved of soul, a fond embrace, a dear kiss till we meet. We shall have more than one love, dearest. From thy own, thy ever devoted and loving wife, thine for ever, MIMI.

We begin to see under what promises L'Angelier succeeded in attaining his ends. They were to be married. She was to be his wife; in everything but name they were husband and wife already—husband and wife in their deep love and in their fidelity to each other, which only the grave could end. How often before and since have such specious, glib promises from the lips of a man dragged a foolish and romantic girl into ruin.

THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE.

Madeleine was no different from the run of high-faloot, "high-falutin'" girlhood, fresh from a London school, full of the nonsense that even the most sensible education cannot eradicate from a girlish brain. It was with her the springtime of life and of love, and those who look at her story across the interval of the years cannot but pity her the this budding moment of her life should have found her in the clutches of an adventurer, whose only idea to bring about a marriage that he desired was by first of all getting the girl into his power at any cost to her virtue or reputation.

With that short preface we can give the next letter, written from Helensburgh a few weeks later, and beginning "My own, my beloved husband":

I trust to God you got home safe, and were not much the worse of being out. Thank you, my love, for coming so far to see your Mimi. It is truly a pleasure to see you, my Emile. Beloved, if we did wrong last night it was in the excitement of our love. Yes, beloved, I did truly love you with my soul. I was happy, it was a pleasure to be with you. Oh, if we could have remained never more to have parted. . . . Am I not your wife? Yes, I am. And you may rest assured, after what has passed I cannot be the wife of any other but dear, dear Emile. . . .

I shall always remember last night. Will we not often talk of our evening meetings after we are married. Why do you say your letter, "If we are NOT married" I would not regret knowing you. Beloved, have you a doubt but that we shall be married some day?

I shall write dear Mary soon. What would she say if she knew we were so intimate? Lose all her good opinion of us both, would she not? My kind love to your dear sisters when you write. Tell me the names of your sisters. They shall be my sisters some day. I shall love them if they are like their dear brother, my dear husband. I know you can have little confidence in me. But, dear, I shall not flit. I do not mind of me. I should like to be pleasant to gentlemen. Free with none, my pet, in conversation, but yourself. I shall endeavour to please you in this.

Beloved, adieu. . . . What a kind letter Mary's. . . . Adieu, again, my husband. God bless you and make you well. And may you yet be very, very happy with your Mimi as your little wife. Kindest love, fond embrace, and kisses from your own true and devoted Mimi, thy faithful WIFE.

It may be as well to repeat here that the "Mary" so often referred to in Madeleine's letters was an elderly and somewhat sentimental spinster lady, Miss Perry, who attended the same church as L'Angelier, and, having come across him when he was in grief for the death of a brother, considered him to be a singularly devout young man.

ONLY CONSCIOUS OF LOVE.

The letter is interesting because it shows that the girl, unfolding gradually. On the one hand, that L'Angelier had advanced a very long step towards the fulfilment of his project.

But at present neither the man nor the woman was conscious of anything but love. The letters passed to and fro breathing adoration—his we can only guess at—hers written down and read aloud in the awful pages of the trial which came later.

Her next is still dated from Helensburgh, and runs:—

My own, my darling Husband,—To-morrow night by this time I shall be in possession of your dear letter. I shall kiss it and press it to my bosom. Hearing from you is my greatest pleasure. It is next to seeing you, my sweet love, my fond Emile.

I fear we shall spoil each other when we are married, we shall be so loving and kind. We shall be so happy, happy—in our own little room—no one to annoy us—to disturb us. All to ourselves we shall so enjoy that life.

Still the confiding hope in the future—still the belief that they would be married, and all would yet be well.

If she had fallen, at least she loved much—they both loved much. It is impossible not to pity both of them. Fate was too strong, carrying them down, down towards a catastrophe which we are about to see in all its sorrowful detail.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

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A MOST PRECIOUS FREEHOLD RESIDENCE FOR SALE, situated on high ground in a very healthy locality near Harrow and Wembley, with a most comfortable train service to City and Euston, and within easy walk of the station. The house is splendidly built, and contains 3 reception-rooms, 7 bed and dressing-rooms, bathroom, and most convenient offices. Tennis lawn, and garden of about half an acre. Price £2,150. Folio 4050.

ABBEY WOOD—A most delightful Freehold Residence, replete with every convenience, and within 10 minutes' walk of station, with good train service to City. The accommodation comprises 7 bed and dressing-rooms, bath (b. and c.), 3 reception-rooms, and good offices. Tastefully laid out and well stocked garden of about 2 acres. Good stabling and coachhouse, with billiard and smoking-room. Price £2,700. Folio 6760.

EAST GRINSTEAD, near to a Capital Freehold Residence, within easy reach of station, with good train service to Euston, and containing 6 bedrooms, with balcony to 1st floor, 3 bold reception-rooms, with verandah to smoking-room, excellent offices, and verandah to smoking-room, and garden of about 2 acres, including tennis lawn. Stabling for horse and trap and other outbuildings. Price £3,500. Folio 6710.

SUSSEX—A very valuable Freehold Tennis Stables, situated 3 miles from an important junction. The property has an excellent range of stabling, and a large number of celebrated racetracks have been trained there. There are also 2 capital residences, and 2 very convenient cottages, each having good garden at rear. Ample water supply. Price £2,000. Further particulars on application. Folio 6730.

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THE CITY.

Better Feeling All Round—Prices
Rising—Kaffirs Firm.

Stock markets continue happy, and speculators are still without much fear of falling prices. Port Arthur is expected to fall instead, and Paris is apparently happy over the prospects of the "dear ally" coming one day nearer peace. In fact, in the City the talk is generally of early peace and good markets. Ominous fact—the interested support for Kaffirs on the part of the mining magnates has apparently slackened. Some think that with so many options for the purchase of Kaffir shares expiring next month they do not want to see prices higher.

It was Consul settlement day. Speculators for the rise are apparently more numerous, and had to pay more stiffly for "carrying over." It did not check a rise. For next to peace prospects the markets set much store on cheaper money next month.

Two of the Scottish railways announced better dividends than expected. The Glasgow and South-Western gave 4 per cent. per annum more on the Deferred. The Caledonian maintained its last year's rate, and only reduced the carry forward by £5,000. These points helped Scottish stocks, and the Great Eastern and South Eastern Chatham traffic were good. But Home Rails were apathetic apart from the Scottish stocks.

American Rails.

Nothing seems to stop Americans. Crop news was poor, the Erie and Baltimore earnings bad, and yet, in spite of it, prices advanced, though there was a check in the Street market. Unions will be ex-dividend today. The Canadian Pacific monthly statement was for some reason not much liked, but Grand Trunk are kept up simply because the wicked "bears" have over-sold and must some day buy back. Argentine and Mexican Rails were quite happy.

Paris supported its favourite Foreign stocks. The market ignored the talk of trouble between Uruguay and Argentina, or the thought of them, helped both Russians and Japanese.

There was quite good buying of Hudson's Bays, and the nitrate-producers group is still helped by the flourishing state of the industry. But holders of Brewery shares do not like the prospect of higher hop prices. The Calcutta Printers' dividend was announced at the rate of 21 per cent. per annum.

Kaffirs keep up, there being much talk still of the "Banker" funds in Rhodesia. No official news is forthcoming, but it is said that the truth of the story is to be examined by experts. West Africans keep firm; but in the Western market the only thing talked of was the sensational Boulder Deep disclosures as to the way mines can be run for the benefit of "insiders."

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

"The Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2½ pc...	88½	Pacific	116½	117½
Do Account	88½	Do 1st Pref	97½	98½
India 5½ pc	94½	Do 2nd	88½	89½
London C.C. 3½ pc	91½	Do 3rd	88½	89½
Lat. War Loan	97½	Do 4th	88½	89½
Transvaal Loan	96½	Do 5th	88½	89½
Argentine 1886	101½	Do 6th	88½	89½
Do Fund'g	108½	Do 7th	88½	89½
Brazilian 4½ pc 1889	78½	Do 8th	88½	89½
Do W.M. Minas	91½	Do 9th	88½	89½
Chili 1886	35	Do 10th	88½	89½
Chinese 5½ pc 1890	100½	Do 11th	88½	89½
Do 1891	100½	Do 12th	88½	89½
Italian	102½	Do 13th	88½	89½
Jap. 5½ pc 1895-6	89	Do 14th	88½	89½
Portuguese	74½	Do 15th	88½	89½
Per. Debts	98½	Do 16th	88½	89½
Do Pref.	24½	Do 17th	88½	89½
Russian 4½ pc 1890	91½	Do 18th	88½	89½
Spanish 4½ pc (Sld)	87½	Do 19th	88½	89½
Unk'd 4½ pc (Sld)	86½	Do 20th	88½	89½
Uruguay 4½ pc	86½	Do 21st	88½	89½
Brighton Def.	111½	Do 22nd	88½	89½
Caledonian Def.	29½	Do 23rd	88½	89½
Central London	27½	Do 24th	88½	89½
Chatham Def.	12½	Do 25th	88½	89½
Do Pref.	85	Do 26th	88½	89½
Do 2nd Pref.	85	Do 27th	88½	89½
Great Eastern	84½	Do 28th	88½	89½
Gt. Northern Def.	88½	Do 29th	88½	89½
Great Central A	108½	Do 30th	88½	89½
Metropolitan	93½	Do 31st	88½	89½
District	97½	Do 32nd	88½	89½
Midland Pref.	60½	Do 33rd	88½	89½
Do Def.	61½	Do 34th	88½	89½
North British Def.	42½	Do 35th	88½	89½
North Eastern	135½	Do 36th	88½	89½
North Western	140½	Do 37th	88½	89½
South East's Def.	87½	Do 38th	88½	89½
South West. Def.	105½	Do 39th	88½	89½
Do Ord.	149	Do 40th	88½	89½
Atchison	83½	Do 41st	88½	89½
Baltimore	89½	Do 42nd	88½	89½
Chesapeake	89½	Do 43rd	88½	89½
Chi., Mil. & S.F. 1890	109½	Do 44th	88½	89½
Denver	30½	Do 45th	88½	89½
Erie Shares	36½	Do 46th	88½	89½
Do Pref.	60	Do 47th	88½	89½
Illinois Cent.	111½	Do 48th	88½	89½
Missouri	23½	Do 49th	88½	89½
Ontario	23½	Do 50th	88½	89½
Norfolk Com.	70½	Do 51st	88½	89½
Pennsylvania	64½	Do 52nd	88½	89½
Railroads	21½	Do 53rd	88½	89½
Southern Ord.	29½	Do 54th	88½	89½
Southern Pacific	68½	Do 55th	88½	89½
Union Pacific	108½	Do 56th	88½	89½
U.S. Steel Ord.	13	Do 57th	88½	89½
Do Pref.	62½	Do 58th	88½	89½
Wabash Pref.	40½	Do 59th	88½	89½
B.A. Gt. South'n	138½	Do 60th	88½	89½

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RACING AT DERBY.

Mr. J. W. Larnach's Helene Wins the Champion Breeders' Stakes—St. Amant's Race To-day.

NOTES AND SELECTIONS BY "GREY FRIARS."

Derby September meeting opened yesterday in outfit summer weather. There was a very large attendance, though I have seen much better at a corresponding meeting here. The course was hard, but, fortunately for the horses, the heavy herbage modified all undue concussion. It was difficult on the previous night to say how the fields would be. No fewer than 180 horse-boxes were ordered, and in the first stage of the programme fifty-six runners completed. In the first three races the winners were co-favourites with other horses, in the succeeding three events the favourites were beaten, and in the final race the odds laid on Hong Kong were readily landed.

Cinder filly, who had ran third behind Admiral Breeze and Vague in the Newbridge Stakes at Gatwick on Friday, at a mile and a half, was expected to make amends by carrying off the Harrington Plate; but so strong was the demand for Mr. E. H. Polehampton's Thunderbolt that it was impossible to separate them in the market at the finish. The selection was good, as the pair provided the first and second, the top-weight winning by half a length; and it is an astonishing fact that the more poundage Thunderbolt carries the more races he wins, this being his third successive victory.

St. Amant's Companion.

Maher was the successful jockey. He won a similar race two years ago with Istimus. Amongst the runners yesterday was Blunder, who was bought out of the late Sir J. Blundell Maple's lots for the special purpose of leading St. Amant in his St. Leger war. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who was present, has decided to let the Derby winner fulfil his engagement to-day unless the ground grows still harder.

Shooting Star gave trouble at the post for the Shipley Hall Plate, and the starter's assistant had to hold her head till the barrier went up. The issue, however, was fought out between the Irish representative, Fontenoy, and Blue Diamond, but Sharples could not keep the last-named straight, and Fontenoy also swerved to the right, but scored at the finish. Carrying out his custom of late, Armstrong's stable bought the winner for 210 guineas, and the Penrith stable can now boast of a lot of useful horses. Fontenoy's last outing was at the recent Leopardstown Meeting, where he won a selling race in the hands of yesterday's rider, W. Lane.

Tired of Maldon, who has been very erratic of late, Mr. R. Sherwood, the St. Gatien House trainer, put the son of Earwig—Maundy Money up for sale after the second race, and at 155 guineas he goes into Mr. Willie Nightingall's stable, where a course of jumping will no doubt improve his temper.

Major Edwards's Poible.

Major Edwards is very fond of changing jockeys for his horses, and in every race bar one this year Nutwith has had a different pilot. In the Kedleston Plate Wheatley was now in the saddle, Madden, who rode him at York, being wanted for the stable to which he is chiefly attached for Dumbarton Castle. This horse was evidently very much fancied, as he always held pride of place in the quotations. Dumbarton Castle, indeed, looked much better than on some of his previous outings this season, and displayed some of his old form, but the task of conceding so much weight to Nutwith and The Ginciale beyond his compass, a desperate set-to between the two last-named ending in favour of Mr. George Edwards's colt by a neck. Tiranter, the newly-named Orantes II. colt, was close up, fourth.

Buying bloodstock is always a lottery, and an instance was afforded in the Eleventh Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes. At the sale of Lord Londonderry's yearlings at Newmarket, in July, Mr. J. W. Larnach gave 1,000g. for Captain Jack and 140g. for Helene, a filly by Inferno—Helen Mary. Captain Jack has failed to win a race up to the present, and was sold out of Egerton House for a thousand guineas to Lord Penrhyn, in whose colours he ran yesterday. On the other hand, Helene now won—the first time of asking—in a canter, and it is not his she is evidently very smart.

Helene was not in the least distressed after the race. The filly is trained by Sanderson at Newmarket, and he is to be congratulated on the condition in which he sent her to the post. Sanderson is private trainer to Mr. Larnach, though Richard Marsh has a half-share in this owner's horses under his care at Egerton House.

Last year the winner of the Chaddesden Plate, in Eon, came from a northern stable, and on the present occasion Peacock's establishment proved suc-

cessful with Lonnegan, and, singularly enough, in each case Madden was the successful jockey. Lonnegan, who is the property of Mr. W. Chatterton, is a powerful-looking colt, but showed traces of having been down on his knees at some time or other. At the subsequent auction the son of Broad Knife—Betsy Shannon, was sold to Mr. J. Muddimer for 190g., and it put to jumping Lonnegan is just the type of animal for this branch of sport.

Backers blundered in laying odds on Runebeg for the Elvaston Castle Maiden Plate, as he never looked like winning, and after indulging Buz with the lead for some three furlongs, Laird II. went to the front and eventually scored easily by a couple of lengths. Powney's stable recovered the losses incurred over Dumbarton Castle when Hong Kong won the Belpier Plate from Charnus and company.

The Fever of the Peak Plate of 1,000 sovs. to be decided at Derby to-morrow, promises to be a very interesting race, and the following jockeys are amongst those engaged to ride:—Countermark (W. Lane), Melay (G. McCall), Count Scandal (Sharples), Pace Egger colt (J. Rollason).

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

DERBY.

- 2.0.—Spondon Plate—MARLBOROUGH SWELL.
- 2.30.—Rangemore Plate—GOLDKUSH.
- 3.0.—Chatsworth Plate—AIRSHIP.
- 3.30.—Breeders' Stakes—ST. AMANT or KING OVER.
- 4.0.—Harrington Plate—LANCASTER GATE.
- 4.30.—Loudoun Plate—DULCISIMA.
- 5.0.—Portland Plate—ANGELIC.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

AIRSHIP.

GREY FRIARS.

THE TWO BEST THINGS.

"The Squire's" double to-day from Derby is as follows:—

- 3.0.—Chatsworth Plate—AIRSHIP.
- 4.0.—Harrington Plate—LANCASTER GATE.

RACING RETURNS.

DERBY.—TUESDAY.

2.0.—HARRINGTON PLATE (a High-weight Handicap) of 150 sovs. One mile and a quarter and a few yards. Mr. J. W. Larnach's THUNDERBOLT, by St. Angelo—Chimera, 3yrs, 8st 10lb, W. Lane, 1. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by JOHN MORGAN—CINDER, 3yrs, 8st 10lb, W. Lane, 2. Mr. P. Gleson's COETONA, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, B. Pratt, 3. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 4. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 5. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 6. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 7. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 8. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 9. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 10. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 11. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 12. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 13. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 14. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 15. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 16. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 17. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 18. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 19. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 20. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 21. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 22. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 23. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 24. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 25. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 26. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 27. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 28. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 29. Mr. J. 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Lane, 45. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 46. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 47. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 48. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 49. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 50. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 51. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 52. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 53. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 54. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 55. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 56. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 57. Mr. R. H. Dargie's f by John Morgan—CINDER, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 58. Mr. P. P. Peckham's Siphon, 3yrs, 7st 11lb, J. H. Martin, 59. Mr. J. Watson's Whirlwind, 3yrs, 7st 10lb, W. Lane, 60. Mr. R. H. 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